



SIX CHILLINGLY ILLUSTRATED HORROR CLASSICS!

# VAMPIRELLA

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**HORRORS  
FROM THE GRAVE  
TRAP VAMPIRELLA  
IN AN ANCIENT  
ROMAN CRYPT...**

**...WHERE SHE  
MUST FACE  
A MURDEROUS  
MUMMY!**

**PLUS: "THE GYPSY CURSE!" AN OLD MAN'S DEATH WISH  
SENDS HORDES OF HELLISH DEMONS TO DESTROY HIS KILLER!**



THE MUMMY'S  
REVENGE



GYPSY  
CURSE



LUCKY  
STIEF



SIX BIG STORIES IN THIS ISSUE

# VAMPIRELLA



OUT OF THE  
NAMELESS CITY



ON LITTLE  
CAT FEET



TRICK OF  
THE TIDE





**COVER KEN KELLY**  
Lost in an underground crypt, VAMPIRELLA finds herself tormented by a murderous enemy, and hordes of the walking dead. A classic cover painting by the talented Sanjulian.

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# VAMPIRELLA

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**CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



# VAMPIRELLA

THE REVELATION THAT VAMPIRELLA WAS *QUEEN CLEOPATRA* \* IN HER EARLIER *INCARNATION*, CAN SCARCELY HAVE KNOCKED KEEN STUDENTS OF *THE DRAKULONNE SAGA* ALL OF A HEAD WITH SURPRISE! OUR DELECTABLE SHE-VAMPIRE SO CLOSELY RESEMBLES, IN SO MANY DELICIOUS DETAILS, SHE WHOM *THE BARD OF AVON* CALLED "*SERPENT OF OLD NILE*" THAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS FROM THE FIRST...!

THE SAGA  
CONTINUES...

SPANNING 2000 YEARS, VAMPIRELLA NOW COMES UP AGAINST A GRISLY RELIC OF HER PAST... ON A NIGHT OF *YAWNING GRAVES*... WHEN SHE FALLS VICTIM TO...

## THE MUMMY'S REVENGE



\* SEE VAMPIRELLA # 36 - "VAMPIRE OF THE NILE"

STORY: FLAXMAN LOEW / ART: JOSE GONZALEZ



IT IS *ROME*. IT IS *NIGHT*.  
THE *ETERNAL CITY* IS  
BATHED IN MOON-GLOW, THE  
SCENT OF JASMINE AND  
THE REEK OF THE TURGID  
*TIBER*. THERE IS A LATE-  
NIGHT STROLLER....!

WHO HE IS IS NOT IMPORTANT.  
WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT  
HE IS NOT *ALONE*!

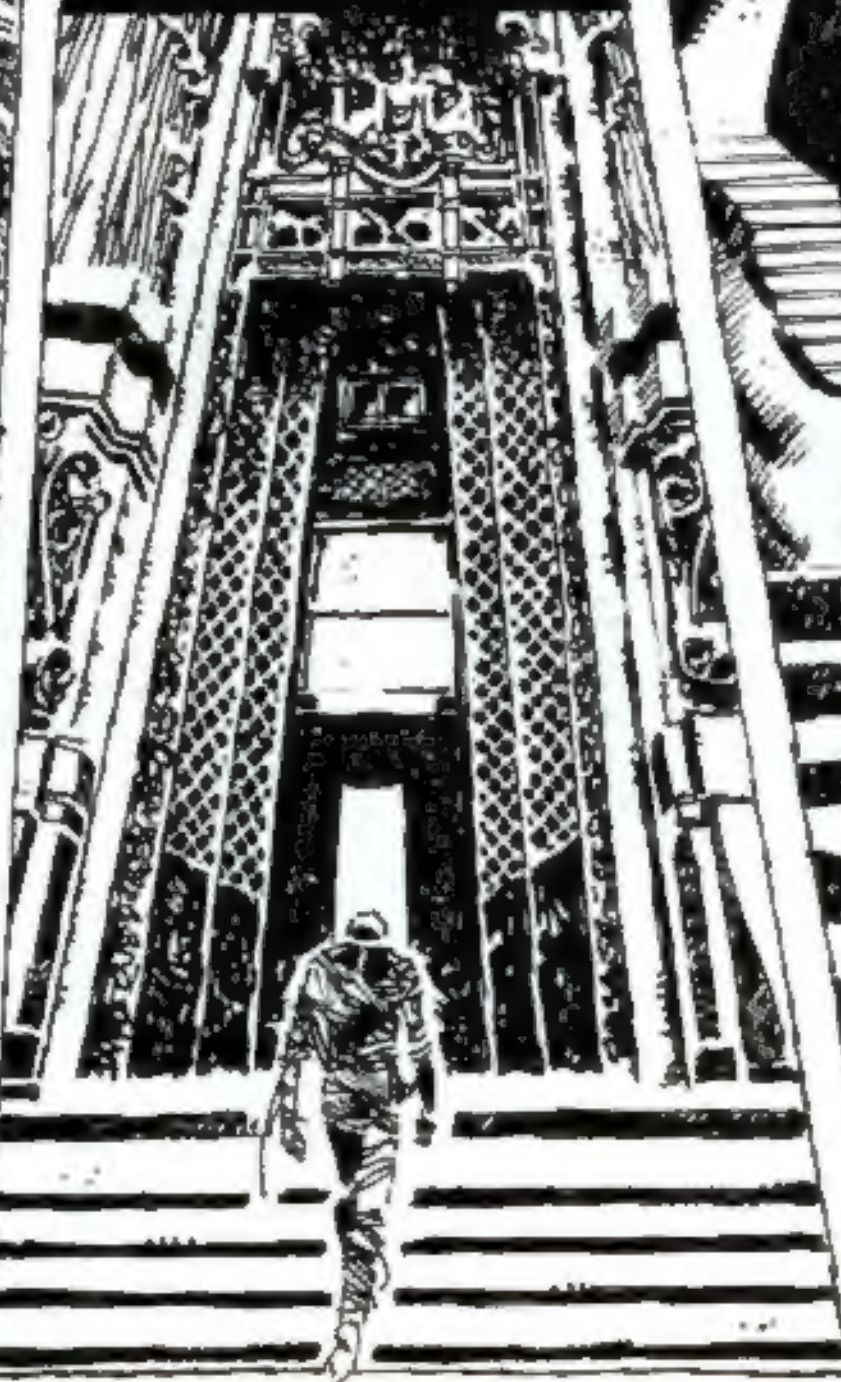
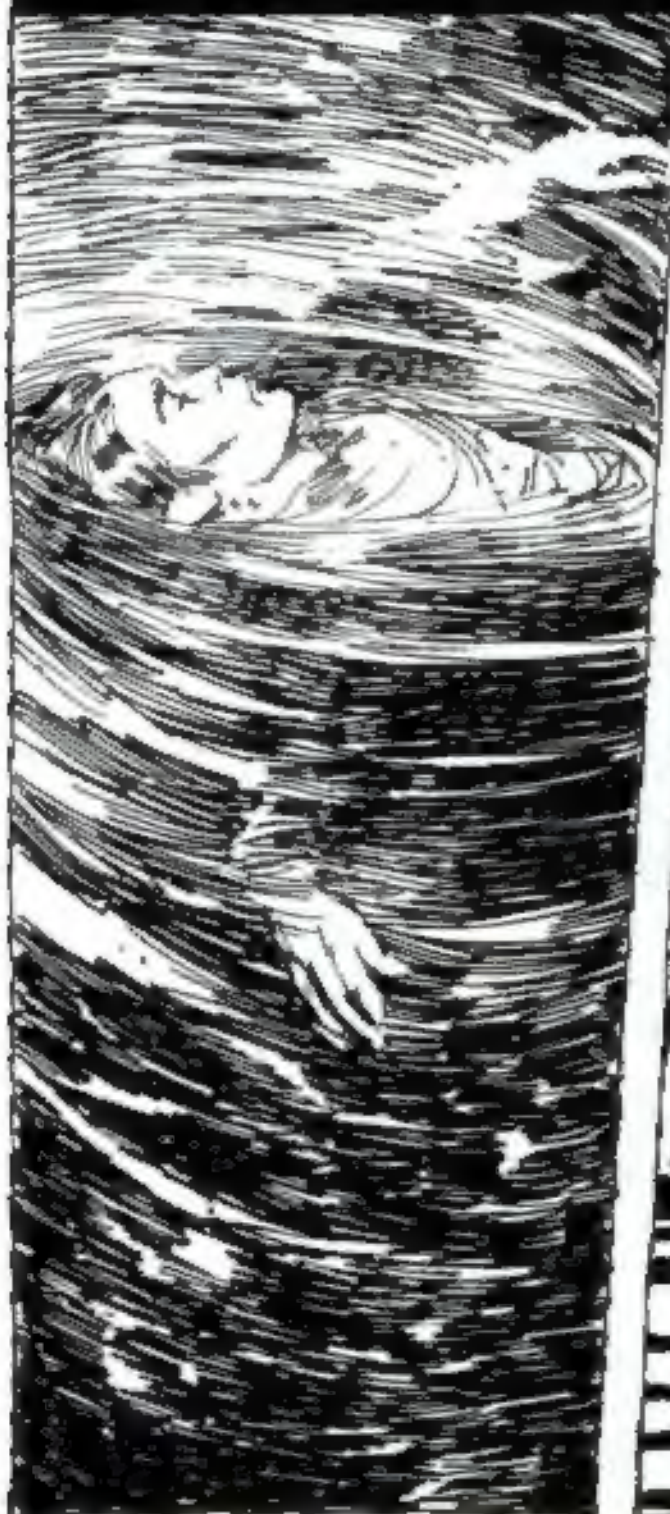
HE DOES NOT *HEAR* THE OTHER'S  
APPROACH, BUT A *CHARNEL-  
HOUSE STENCH OF DECAY*  
MAKES HIM TURN....!



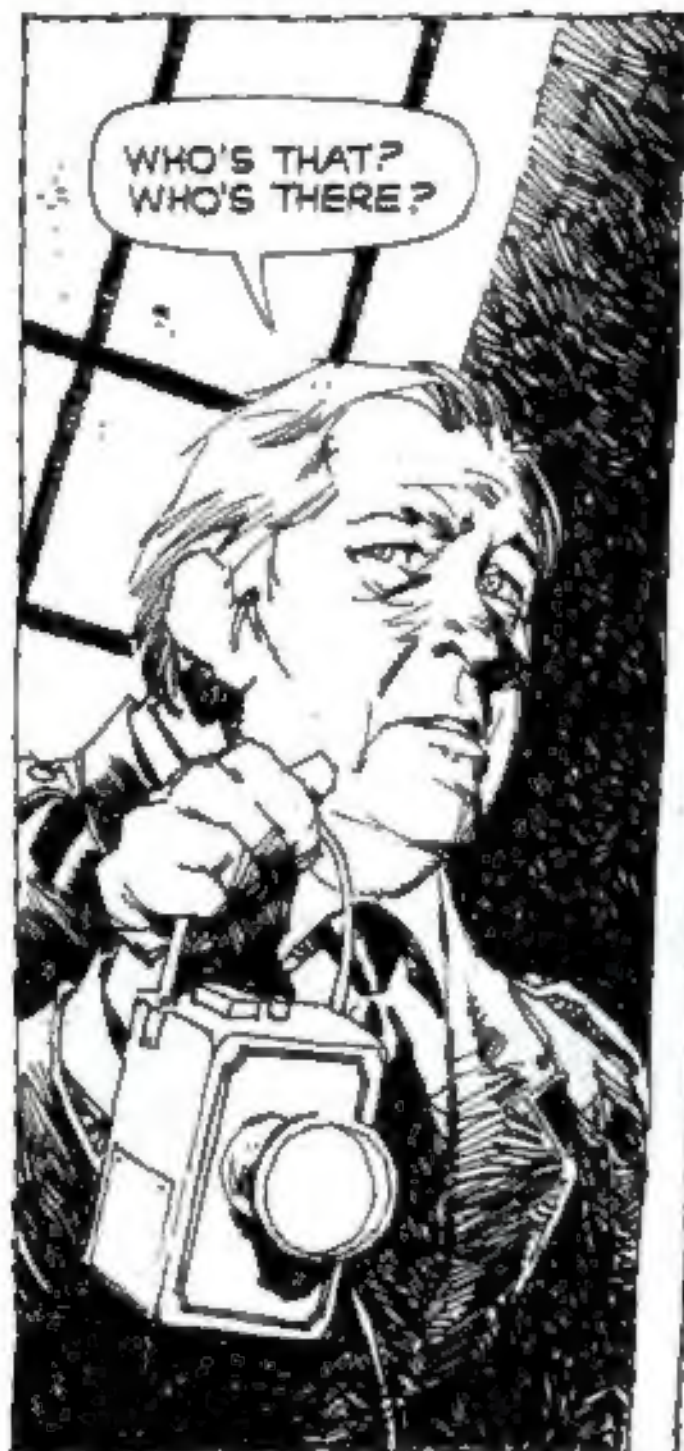
IT IS QUICKLY *OVER*...AND THE  
*MAN* IS FLOATING...*FACE-UP*  
IN THE COLD *TIBER RIVER*....!

WRAITH-LIKE IN THE  
MOONLIGHT, THE  
*VISITANT* IS SOON  
ASCENDING THE STEPS  
OF THE MUSEUM OF  
ANTIQUITIES...

...TO THE *EGYPTOLOGY* SECTION....!







THE PROMINENT CANINES OF  
A LONG DEAD MUMMY ARE  
DRIPPING REDLY!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY THE DELICIOUS  
ORAKULONNE AND HER SCOTCH-PICKLED  
APPENDAGE ARE PLAYING A NIGHT SPOT IN  
TRASTEVERE...ROME'S GREENWICH VILLAGE.





AND SO, NEXT MORNING, A STRANGE COMPULSION BRINGS VAMPIRELLA AND PENDRAGON TO...



...HIM?

VAMPI!  
LET'S  
NOT...

NO!  
WE'RE GOING  
THROUGH  
WITH IT!



SHE GAZES DOWN INTO THE DRIED  
HUSK OF A FACE...

PTOLEMY....!

DESCENDANT  
OF ALEXANDER  
THE GREAT...

...RULER OF THE  
UPPER AND LOWER  
NILE... KING OF  
KINGS...

...AND  
WELL-KNOWN  
VAMPIRE!



FORGIVE ME  
FOR TAINTING THE  
MEMORY OF ONE OF  
YOUR RELATIVES,  
MY DEAR!

THOUGH, IN  
MY EARLIER  
INCARNATION AS  
CLEOPATRA\*, HE WAS  
MY BROTHER, HUSBAND  
AND CO-RULER, I  
REJECTED HIM...  
UTTERLY-AS I  
NOW REJECT HIS  
MEMORY!

HE WAS  
TOTALLY  
EVIL AND  
WHOLLY  
VILE!



BESIDE THE MUMMY-CASE LIES THE  
FUNERARY URN INTO WHICH, TWO  
THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE, THE  
MORTUARY-PRIESTS OF THEBES-HAD  
PLACED THE *BRAINS, HEART* AND  
*VISCERA* OF THE DEPARTED MONARCH.

HE CAN NEVER HARM ANYONE  
AGAIN, PENDY! THE HEART THAT  
WE PIERCED WITH THE *STAKE* WILL  
NEVER BEAT AGAIN! PTOLEMY'S  
MUMMY IS ONLY THE *HUSK OF A*  
*VAMPIRE*, WITH NO SPIRIT OR WILL  
TO DIRECT IT!

SPEAKING  
OF MATTERS  
SPIRITUAL...







SUDDENLY, *BEHIND* VAMPIRELLA  
THERE IS A *VOICE*...

YOU ARE  
INTERESTED IN  
ANTIQUITIES,  
SIGNORINA?

WHY,  
YES  
I...



BRUNO VERDI...  
PROFESSOR BRUNO  
VERDI. ENCHANTED.  
ROME HAS MUCH TO  
SHOW YOU, AND I  
SHOULD BE  
GRATEFUL TO BE  
YOUR *GUIDE*,  
SIGNORINA...

VAMPIRELLA  
...I'M  
VAMPIRELLA.



BENEATH THE SCULPTURED POETRY OF  
HER BOSOM, THE SUSCEPTIBLE HEART  
OF OUR ADORABLE VAMPIRESS BEATS  
MORE SWIFTLY.

HE'S  
CUTE...



CONCERNING  
THE MUMMY OF THE  
PHARAOH PTOLEMY,  
THERE HAVE BEEN...  
*UNFORTUNATE  
RUMORS*...!

R-RUMORS?

UH...  
WHAT  
RUMORS?



INSUBSTANTIAL TALES...  
VAGUE MUTTERINGS BY THE  
IGNORANT AND UNTUTORED. WE  
HAVE DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING  
NIGHT WATCHMEN IN THIS  
SECTION OF THE MUSEUM. THE  
LATEST RESIGNED ONLY  
THIS MORNING.

OH...



THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW, VAMPIRELLA'S DRESSING ROOM IS A RIOT OF BLOOMS

FROM THE CUTE YOUNG PROFESSOR, RIGHT?

RIGHT! HE WANTS ME TO DINE WITH HIM, AT HIS PLACE ... TOMORROW NIGHT!

HOW COULD I RESIST?

THERE'S SOME KIND OF **BOND** BETWEEN US...

I FELT IT RIGHT FROM THE FIRST...

...AND I KNOW BRUNO FELT IT TOO!

BRUNO VERDI HAS A RITZY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OFF THE VIA VENETO.

YOU CAME.

YOU KNEW I WOULD.

DINNER IS A PROTRACTED DALLIANCE OF SENSUALITY... LIGHTLY VENEERED WITH SMALL-TALK.

YOU WERE GOING TO BE MY GUIDE TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF ROME... BUT ALL YOU DO IS FEED ME CHAMPAGNE AND COMPLIMENTS.

YOU SHALL SEE THE ANTIQUITIES, VAMPIRELLA. TONIGHT. NOW.

BRUNO DRIVES HER TO A DARK STREET IN TRASTEVERE. THERE IS AN ANCIENT DOORWAY SET IN A MOULDERING WALL. HE UNLOCKS THE DOOR. IT CREAKS OPEN...

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THIS, MY DEAR, IS THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF ROME'S LEGENDARY **CATACOMBS**. BENEATH THE ETERNAL CITY THERE IS ANOTHER CITY... **THE ABODE OF THE ANCIENT DEAD!**





KEEP CLOSE TO ME, VAMPIRELLA. I AM FAMILIAR WITH THE PLACE, BUT IF WE PARTED COMPANY... YOU COULD BE LOST FOREVER IN THIS LABYRINTH!



REGARD THE COFFINS OF THE ANCIENT DEAD! IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE MORE CORPSES BURIED IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME THAN THERE ARE PEOPLE ALIVE IN ALL EUROPE!



SOME TIME LATER... AFTER MANY DEVIOUS TURNS... VAMPIRELLA'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED...

BRUNO. LOOK... A BABY'S COFFIN. POOR LITTLE MITE, TO HAVE DIED SO YOUNG ALL THOSE CENTURIES AGO...

BRUNO...



BRUNO!

BRUNO...! WHERE ARE YOU...?

BRUNO!



BRUNO!...

DONT LEAVE ME HERE!



SUDDENLY, VAMPIRELLA  
SENSES... THEN SMELLS...  
AND FINALLY SEES...

PTOLEMY!  
N-NO...IT CAN'T BE...  
Y-YOU'RE DEAD!



IT STALKS... STAGGERING FORWARD...  
ARMS REACHING FOR THE  
LUSCIOUS VAMPIRESS...



...AND VAMPIRELLA CAN ONLY RUN!



BUT RUN TO WHERE? SHE STOPS... THEN SEES  
THEM... MORE OF THE WALKING DEAD  
RISING FROM THEIR CRYPTS...

N-NO!



...COMING FOR HER!

IT'S A  
NIGHTMARE!





THE HELLISH CORPSES CLOSE  
IN...CLAWING...RENDING...  
TEARING...



...AND THEN, SHE IS  
CORNERED...



...AND SUDDENLY BATHED IN AN  
OTHER-WORLDLY LIGHT...



...THE LIGHT OF AMUN-RA, THE  
RAM-HEADED SUN-GOD OF ANCIENT  
EGYPT!



THE AWAKENED DENIZENS OF THE CATACOMBS ARE  
BLASTED WITH THE EXPLOSIVE LIGHT OF THE GOD!





A LONG SILENCE, STRETCHES AWAY INTO A SEEMING INFINITY OF VOIDED DARKNESS... THEN THE VOICE OF **AMUN-RA**, COMES TO THE LOVELY DRAKULONNE LIKE THE BASS CRASH OF A MIGHTY OCEAN ON A FORGOTTEN SHORE...

AS ALWAYS, CHILD, YOU FIND FAVOR WITH **AMUN-RA**! YOUR COUNTEenance IS TURNED ALWAYS TOWARDS THE SUN, TOWARDS THE WAYS OF LIGHT...!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I SAW THE WALKING MUMMY OF PTOLEMY, YET WITH MY OWN HAND I DROVE THE STAKE INTO HIS HEART! THE HEART WAS NOT ONLY PIERCED, BUT **REMOVED**! THE MUMMY WAS ONLY AN EMPTY VESSEL...!

AMUN-RA, HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? **NOW?**

THE EMPTY VESSEL WAS OCCUPIED BY **ANOTHER**!



WHO, AMUN-RA? **WHO?**

A DABBLER IN THE **BLACK ARTS**! ONE WHO, THROUGH SUCCESSIVE INCARNATIONS, HAS TURNED HIS EYES TOWARDS THE DARKNESS AND HIS FEET ALONG THE **LEFT-HAND PATH**!



HE POSSESSES THE **POTENCY** TO ENTER THE EMPTY VESSEL OF THE **VAMPIRE MUMMY** AND ASSUME THE MANTLE OF **VAMPIRISM** THAT HE DOES NOT POSSESS IN HIS NORMAL STATE...!

WHILE OCCUPYING THE HUSK OF PTOLEMY, HIS HATRED IS NOT UNNATURALLY DIRECTED AGAINST YOU, WHO DESTROYED PTOLEMY...!

HE HAS POWER, **VAMPIRELLA**! WITH HIS **BLACK ARTS**, HE CAN DIRECT THE WRETCHED CORPSES THAT INHABIT THIS CHARNEL HOUSE... BUT, MY CHILD, IN HIS OWN PERSONA, HE IS **NOT A VAMPIRE**!



HIS NAME, AMUN-RA... **HIS NAME?**



NEED YOU ASK, MY CHILD?

**BRUNO!**

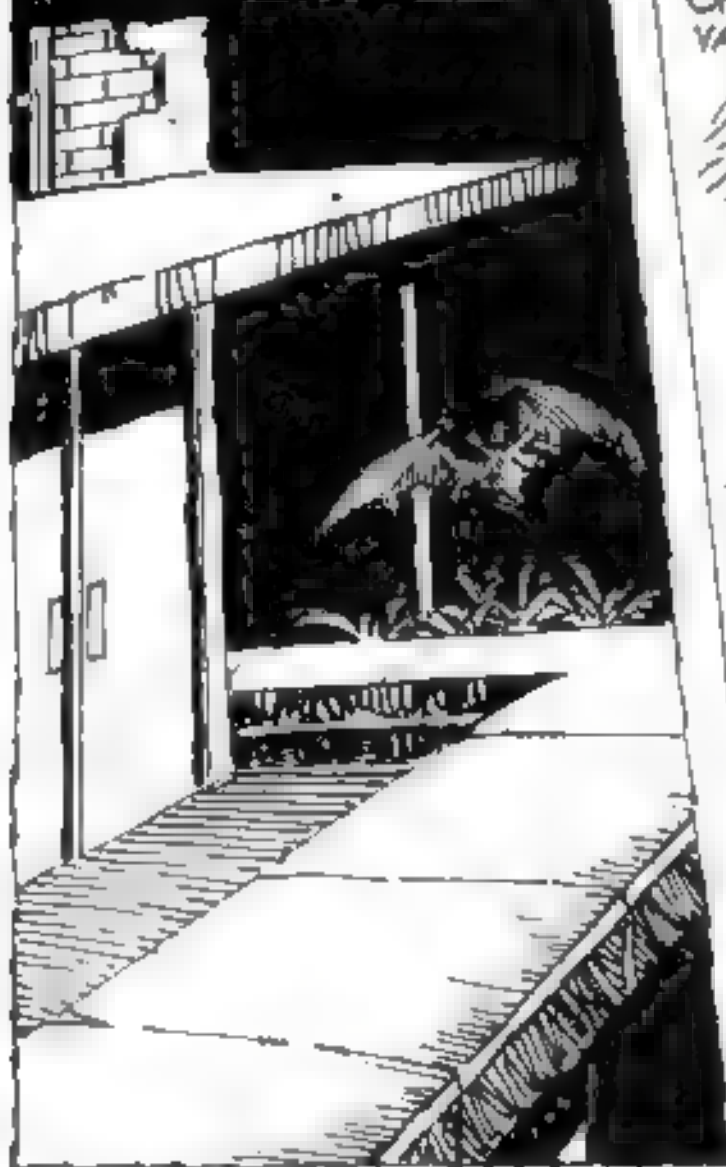




THE HAND OF THE GOD  
GUIDES VAMPIRELLA FROM  
THE CATACOMBS. SOON, HER  
BAT-FORM IS ALIGHTING IN  
PROFESSOR BRUNO VERDI'S  
VIA VENETO PENTHOUSE.

THE HIGHLY UNSTABLE METABOLISM OF THE  
DELICIOUS DRAKULONNE HAS BEEN  
OVERSET BY MORAL STRESS *BLOOD-LUST*  
HAS GLENCHED ALL HER *REFINEMENT OF*  
*INTELLECT*. SHE HAS REGRESSED TO THE  
NAKED, SHAMELESS *SHE-VAMPIRE* THAT  
ONCE STALKED THE VERDANT BLOOD-  
VALLEYS OF THE PLANET DRAKULON.

IT IS THE MOMENT OF  
TRUTH.



BRUNO'S EYES SNAP OPEN...

YOU!  
BUT, I  
THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT  
THAT THOSE GHOULS  
HAD PICKED MY BONES AND  
*AVENGED* LONG-DEAD  
PTOLEMY, WHOSE EMPTY HUSK  
YOU HAVE USED FOR YOUR  
*VILE* PURPOSES...



...BUT  
YOU ARE  
WRONG.

EEEEEEEEHHH!





VAMPIRELLA QUENCHES HERSELF, DRAINING THE VEINS OF HE WHO WAS KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE HANDSOME, SCHOLARLY ANTIQUARIAN. THIS DONE, SHE SITS BACK AND VIEWS THE **TOTAL DISSOLUTION** OF HIS CADAVER.



A PITY, BRUNO, WE COULD HAVE MADE SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER, YOU AND I... BUT I'VE SET MY FACE AGAINST **DARKNESS** AND THE **LEFT-HAND PATH!**

IT IS RECORDED THAT, ON THAT SAME **INSTANT**, AND BY SOME STRANGE **ALCHEMY**, THE 2000 YEAR-OLD MUMMY OF PTOLEMY CRUMBLLED TO FRAGMENTS IN THE ROME MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.



SIMILARLY, THE FUNERARY URN SPLIT APART, SPILLING A HANDFUL OF **DUST** THAT ONCE COMPRISED THE RULER'S **BRAIN'S**, **VISCERA...** AND **STAKE-PIERCED HEART!**



LATER PENDRAGON QUESTIONS HIS GORGEOUS ACCOMPLICE...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CUTE YOUNG PROFESSOR?

BRUNO?

OH, HIM!



AS A LOVER, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH MILEAGE...

...WENT ALL TO **PIECES!**

YOU MIGHT SAY, I JUST GOT **FED UP** WITH HIM!





MY HUSBAND WAS **COUNT BYRON BARAK**, A GENTLEMAN AND A NOBLEMAN.

I, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS NO NOTHING MORE THAN A **GYPSY PEASANT**.

BYRON AND I HAD BEEN MARRIED THREE YEARS WHEN HE **RETURNED** HOME FROM THE **GREAT WAR**! MOST OF OUR MARRIED LIFE HE HAD SPENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD, **FIGHTING**!

NONETHELESS, I WAS **HAPPY** TO HAVE HIM HOME AGAIN. AS HE ENTERED, I **HUMBLY THREW** MYSELF AT HIS FEET!

OH, MY HUSBAND, IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME... **SAFE!**

YOU WELCOME ME WITH A **FALSE** FACE, WENCH. MY SERVANT TELLS ME YOU HAVE BEEN SEEING **ANOTHER** MAN IN MY ABSENCE!

I'VE KNOWN ABOUT **SANDOR**, YOUR LOVER, FOR MONTHS!

IT'S A **LIE!** SANDOR CAME HERE BECAUSE HE IS **POOR** AND NEEDED **FOOD**. I GAVE HIM NOTHING **MORE**.

I WAS **HORRIFIED!** BYRON AND I HAD ARGUED IN THE PAST, BUT HE HAD NEVER **STRUCK** ME BEFORE! IS THIS HOW THE SIGHT OF WAR **CHANGES** A MAN?

# GYPSY CURSIE





PERHAPS BYRON HAD SEEN SO MUCH CRUELTY AND VIOLENCE THESE PAST YEARS THAT IT HAD BECOME PART OF HIM. PERHAPS, TOO, IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN THERE. AND I WAS TOO BLIND TO SEE! I BROKE OUT IN TEARS... MORE AT MY HUSBAND'S ANGER THAN MY OWN HURT.



...AND MY MEMORIES RACED BACK TO THE PAST...BACK TO A TIME THREE YEARS AGO, WHEN I SAW MY HUSBAND AS A DIFFERENT MAN... A GENTLE AND LOVING MAN...

BACK THEN, I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A FRIGHTENED CHILD... THE FORESTS OF RUMANIA!



MARTA, YOU'RE SHIVERING!

BYRON WAS MY FIRST LOVE...AND I VOWED HE WOULD BE MY ONLY LOVE!



ARE YOU COLD...IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?

OH, BYRON, I LOVE YOU SO...A-AND MY MOTHER... SHE'S TRYING TO BREAK US UP!

SHE'S LYING TO MY FATHER ABOUT US!



AHA! SO I LIE, DO I? WELL, MY DEAR, MARTA, I'VE BROUGHT YOUR FATHER TO SEE FOR HIMSELF!

YOU, A NOBLEMAN, ALONE IN THE WOODS WITH A PEASANT GIRL! HA! I KNOW OF YOUR INTENTIONS...!

YOU HAVE SPOILED MY DAUGHTER... AND HER HONOR MUST BE AVENGED!



TO SEE WHAT OLD WOMAN? WE'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG!

MY WIFE IS RIGHT, COUNT! WE ARE GYPSIES... BUT OUR HONOR MEANS MUCH!



YOU MUST DIE!





MY FATHER **LEAPED** WITH HIS KNIFE BUT BYRON WAS MORE POWERFUL, MORE SKILLED AT COMBAT. IT WAS OVER **QUICKLY...** AND MY **FATHER** LAY **DYING!**

NO!



MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD LAID THERE, ON THE GROUND, HIS LIFE SLOWLY EBBING AWAY. AND I **WONDERED...** WAS BYRON'S LOVE WORTH IT?



MY CHILD, I **FORGIVE** YOU YOU HAVE **WRONGED** ME BUT YOU ACTED IN INNOCENCE SO I CANNOT **HATE** YOU.

AND YOU, COUNT BARAK... MY DAUGHTER HAS FOUND YOU WORTHY OF HER LOVE, THUS YOU TOO HAVE MY **FORGIVENESS**. BUT BE **WARNED...**

...IF YOU SHOULD EVER HURT MY **DAUGHTER** AS YOU HAVE HURT ME, ALL THE **DEMONS** OF HELL SHALL **FEAST** UPON YOUR **FLESH!**

YOU WON'T **SEE** THEM. YOU WON'T HEAR THEM **COMING!** BUT THEY WILL **DESTROY** YOU!



MY FATHER HAD FORGIVEN ME, BUT MY **MOTHER** AND THE **TRIBAL COUNCIL** WERE NOT SO **GENEROUS**. I WAS **BANISHED** BY MY PEOPLE FOR **LOVING** AN **OUTSIDER...**!

FOR A TIME, I REALLY **BELIEVED** THAT BYRON LOVED ME. PERHAPS HE TOO MISTOOK HIS **INFATUATION** FOR SOMETHING MORE.

IT'S LIKE A **FAIRY-TALE**, BYRON. SO **BEAUTIFUL**, SO **HAPPY!** WILL IT **ALWAYS** BE THIS WAY?

**FOREVER,** MY LOVE.

VASILE, MY **SERVANT...** PREPARE OUR **BED!**

WE WERE MARRIED.. A **SMALL** CEREMONY IN A **BIG** CHURCH, LIKE MY PEOPLE, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS **SHUNNED** HIM FOR MARRYING BENEATH HIS STATION.



A **YEAR** PASSED... AND BYRON GREW **DISTANT, RESTLESS!** EVEN THEN, I SEEMED TO SENSE A KIND OF **RESENTMENT** FROM HIM, AS THOUGH HE STILL SAW ME AS A **CHEAP GYPSY GIRL.**



I BEGAN TO FEEL A STRANGER  
IN MY OWN HOUSE. I LIVED  
ALONE, DINED ALONE, SLEPT  
ALONE... AND WEPT ALONE.

IT STAYED AT BARAK CASTLE  
BECAUSE I HAD NOWHERE  
ELSE TO GO. BUT I FELT UN-  
WELCOME IN MY OWN HOME.

THEN, IN 1916, BYRON WENT  
TO WAR... WITHOUT EVEN  
TELLING ME!



MY HUSBAND HAD BEEN GONE A MONTH WHEN SANDOR  
BUDAI CAME TO MY DOOR, BEGGING FOR FOOD. I WAS  
LONELY... BUT INTIMACY WITH SANDOR NEVER WENT  
BEYOND MY IMAGINATION!



SURELY  
WE CAN  
FIND A  
FEW  
CRUMBS  
FOR A  
GYPSY  
KINSMAN!

I THANK  
YOU  
MADAME!

SANDOR CAME  
BACK SEVERAL  
TIMES HE  
BECAME A  
GOOD  
FRIEND!

BUT MY  
HUSBAND'S  
"FAITHFUL"  
SERVANT,  
VASILE,  
SOUGHT  
TO USE  
THAT TO  
HIS  
ADVANTAGE...!

VASILE...  
W-WHY DO YOU  
STARE AT ME  
THAT WAY?



THE STING OF ALCOHOL BEING WITHIN HIS  
BREAST, VASILE FINALLY MADE HIS PLAY!

YOUR  
HUSBAND  
WOULD NOT  
APPROVE  
OF YOUR  
GYPSY  
LOVER,  
COUNTESS!

VASILE! WHAT  
ARE YOU  
IMPLYING?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT  
I HAVE WATCHED YOU  
ALONE IN THIS ROOM. I  
HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT  
YOUR WARM FLESH... DREAMED  
ABOUT CARESSING IT!

OH,  
LORD,  
NO!

I SUGGEST  
YOU BE NICE TO  
ME COUNTESS...  
OR THE COUNT  
WILL FIND OUT OF  
YOUR LOVE FOR  
SANDOR!

AAAAAAGGH!

EEEEEE

I NEVER LIKED VASILE.  
NEVER TRUSTED HIM.  
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT  
HE WOULD RESORT TO  
THIS...!

I COULD STAND NO  
MORE! I SMASHED  
VASILE WHERE IT  
HURT HIM MOST...!







THE MEMORIES FLED,  
AND I AGAIN SAW MY  
HUSBAND BEFORE ME,  
NEWLY RETURNED  
FROM WAR!

I KNEW NOW WHY  
HE HAD HIT ME.  
VASILE HAD TOLD  
HIM OF SANDOR!

VASILE LIED TO HIM!



VASILE LIED,  
DID HE? WHAT  
WOULD HE HAVE  
TO GAIN BY  
LYING?

BUT  
YOU,  
ON THE  
OTHER  
HAND...



...I THINK YOU TRIED  
TO SEDUCE HIM AS  
WELL AS THAT GYPSY  
LOVER OF YOURS!

YOU HAVE BETRAYED  
ME, MARTA...AND THERE  
IS ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT!  
FOR AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE!



BYRON WAS LIKE A MADMAN!  
WHATEVER VASILE HAD SAID  
TO POISON HIS MIND AGAINST  
ME MUST HAVE BEEN TRULY  
HORRENDOUS...

...OR PERHAPS BYRON WAS WILLING  
TO BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING.  
ANYTHING THAT WOULD JUSTIFY  
THE UNWARRANTED HATRED HE  
FELT FOR ME.



HE KNOCKED ME  
TO THE FLOOR...



...AND LIKE A WILD  
ANIMAL WITH MUR-  
DEROUS FIRE IN HIS  
EYES, HE WAS UPON  
ME!







# Lucky Strike



HARRY NADA PROMISED HIMSELF HE WOULDN'T LOOK. OH, HE MIGHT SNEAK A QUICK, TACTFUL GLANCE NOW AND THEN! BUT HE WOULDN'T STARE THE WAY THOSE OTHER VULTURES DID.

IT ALMOST MADE HARRY ASSUMED TO BE A MALE. NOW THEY COULD BE SO PLATANT, SO CRUDE ABOUT THEIR LUSTFUL LONGINGS WAS BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION.

OF COURSE, HE ADMITTED TO HIMSELF, SHE DID HAVE QUITE A BODY BUT THAT WAS NO EXCUSE FOR CARRYING ON LIKE SPECTATORS AT A BURLESQUE SHOW!

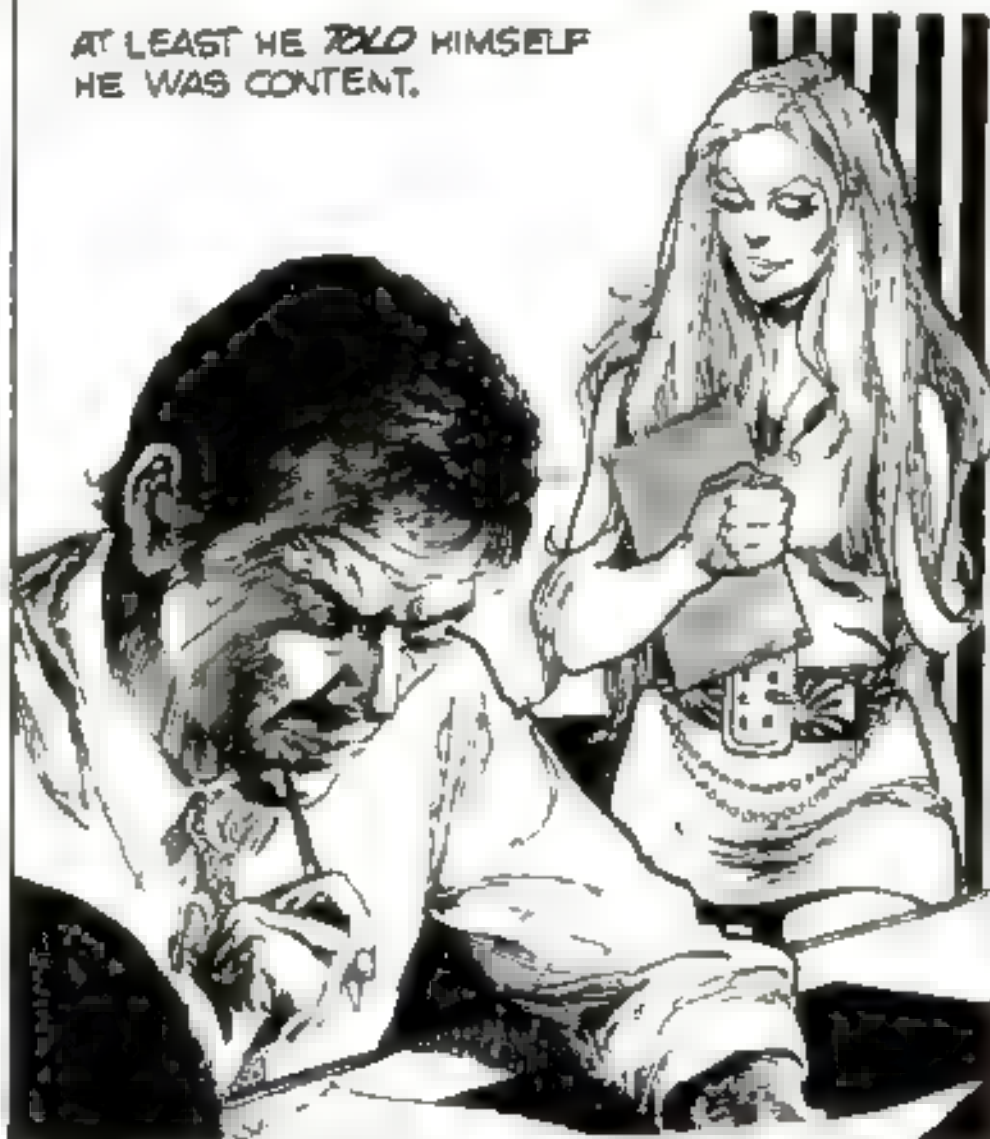
IS THAT THE NEW FILMS CLERK? SHE DOESN'T LOOK BRIGHT ENOUGH TO OPEN THE DRAWERS!

THAT'S NOT BEING FAIR, MARGE. I'M SURE SHE'S BEEN IN A LOT OF DRAWERS IN HER TIME.



HER NAME WAS LINDA CRAVEN... THAT WAS ALL HARRY KNEW. BY 9:05 A.M., THE OTHER MEN HAD FOUND OUT HER ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER AND VITAL STATISTICS. BUT HARRY WAS CONTENT JUST KNOWING HER NAME.

AT LEAST HE TOLD HIMSELF HE WAS CONTENT.





MR. NADA,  
COULD YOU  
HELP ME,  
PLEASE?

CHIVALRY HAD ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF HARRY NADA'S WEAKNESSES. HIS MOTHER HAD TAUGHT HIM TO BE A GENTLEMAN ABOVE ALL ELSE. AND HARRY ALWAYS TOOK HIS MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HEART.



YES, CHIVALRY WAS HARRY'S WEAKNESS. AND LINDA CRAVEN WAS AN EXPERT AT FINDING WEAKNESSES IN MEN.

THE MEN TELL ME YOU'RE AWFULLY GOOD WITH FIGURES, MR. NADA. I HAVE SOME HERE THAT NEED HANDLING, AND I WONDERED IF--



HER VOICE TRAILED OFF INTO A MEANINGLESS MONTAGE OF SOUNDS AND SYLLABLES, AND HARRY UNDERSTOOD NONE OF IT!

NOR DID HE UNDERSTAND WHY HE LOOSENEED HIS TIE AND UNBUTTONED HIS COLLAR...AN INFORMALITY WHICH HE USUALLY CONSIDERED UNTHINKABLE!



HARRY NADA HAD WORKED FOR CLAYMORE AND CLOUT FOR THE PAST NINE YEARS!

BUT WHEN LINDA LODGED HERSELF IN HIS LAP, HE FOUND IT HARD TO RECALL EVEN THEIR SIMPLEST PROCEDURES.

PERHAPS I'M KEEPING YOU FROM YOUR OWN WORK, WHY DON'T YOU DROP BY MY PLACE LATER... AND YOU CAN TEACH ME SOME OF THE BASICS.



THE DAY HAD SEEMED UNUSUALLY LONG TO HARRY. USUALLY, THE HOURS SPED BY, FOR HARRY FOUND A SENSE OF IDENTITY IN WORK BUT TODAY WAS DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT.

HARRY KNEW FEW WOMEN IN HIS LIFE OUTSIDE OF HIS MOTHER... AND HIS IMAGINATION!

STRANGE NEIGHBORHOOD FOR LINDA TO LIVE IN...





FATE MAY WELL BE THE MOST FASCINATING WORD IN MAN'S VOCABULARY. EACH MOMENT OF A MAN'S LIFE PRESENTS A DECISION... A DECISION THAT WILL AFFECT OR ALTER ALL FUTURE BEHAVIOR. LOOK BACK ON ANY GIVEN MOMENT IN TIME AND IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HAD MADE...THE OTHER CHOICE.

CASE IN POINT: HARRY NADA. IF BY SOME QUIRK OF IMPULSE OR DIVINE INTERVENTION HARRY HAD MADE THE ALTERNATE CHOICE...THIS WOULD HAVE OCCURRED



LINDA,  
IT'S ME...  
HARRY NADA!  
ARE YOU HOME?

ONE MOMENT,  
HARRY DEAR. I'LL  
BE READY FOR  
YOU IN A SEC.

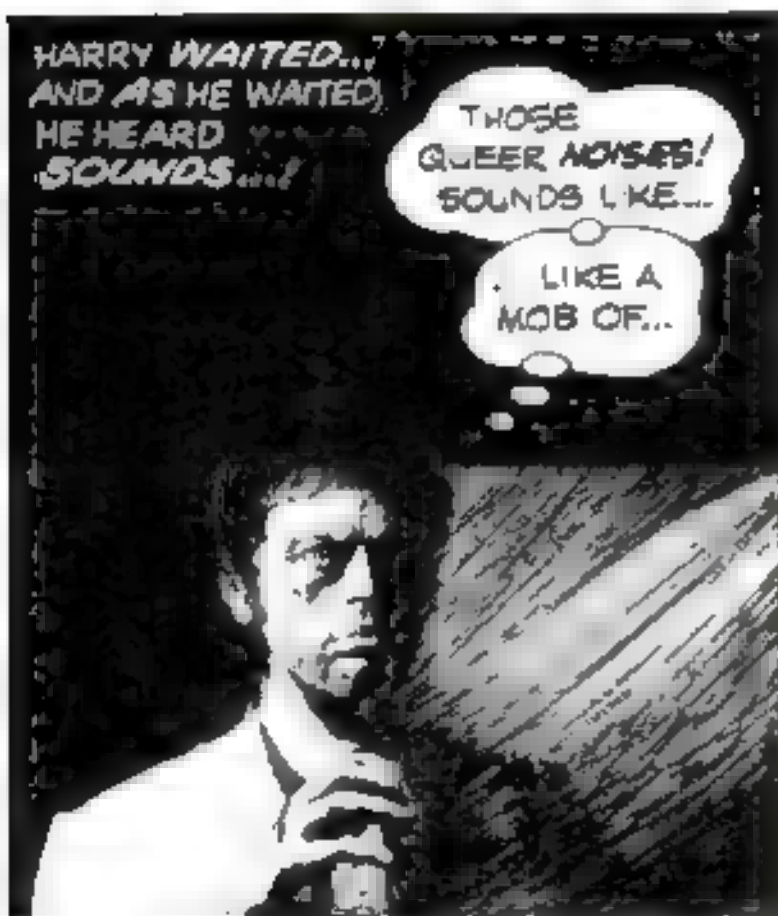


HARRY WAITED PATIENTLY, RECALLING HIS MOTHER'S ADMONITION THAT IT WOULD BE ITS OWN REWARD. ACTUALLY, PATIENCE WAS ONE OF THOSE MINOR FRUSTRATIONS OF LIFE THAT HARRY HAD LEARNED TO ACCEPT WITH PASSIVE RESIGNATION.

HARRY WAITED...  
AND AS HE WAITED,  
HE HEARD  
SOUNDS...

THOSE  
QUEER NOISES!  
SOUNDS LIKE...

...LIKE A  
MOB OF...



...CATS!



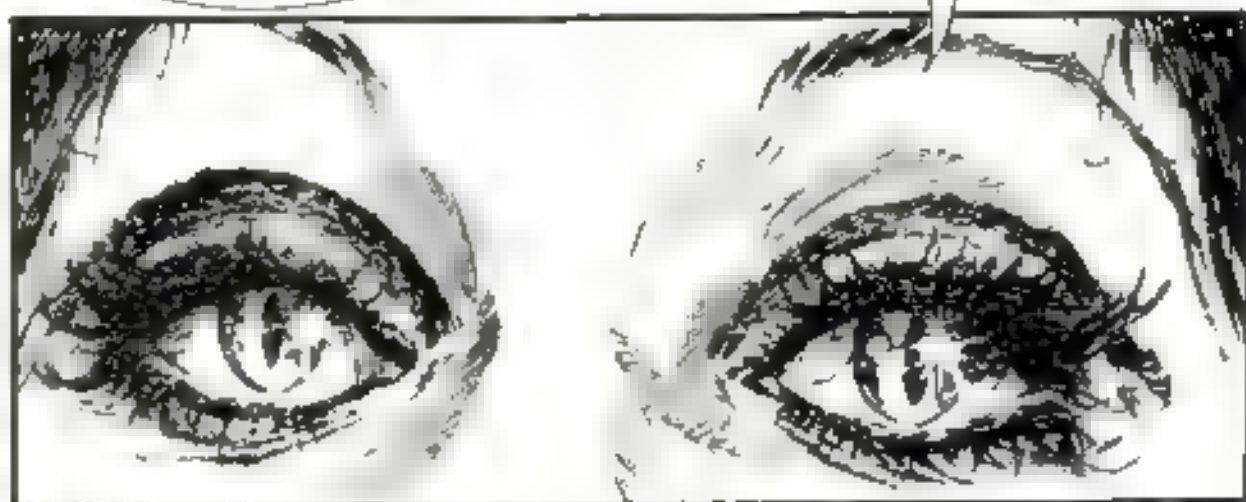
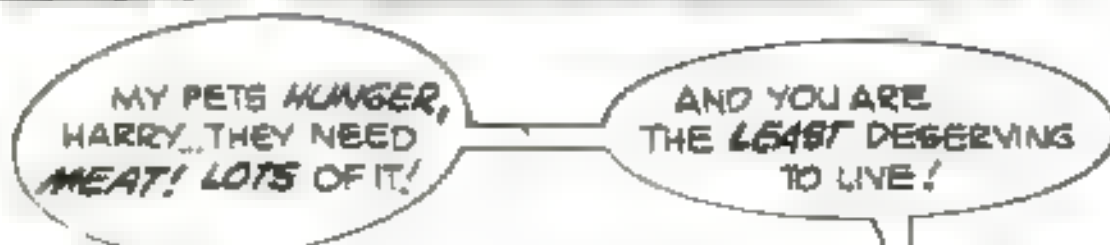
HARRY HATED CATS. THEY WERE WILE,  
FILTHY ANIMALS WHO DID NOTHING ALL  
DAY BUT LAY AROUND AND BE  
INDEPENDENT.

CATS SEEMED TO SENSE HIS  
FEELINGS TOWARD THEM  
WHEN THEY SAW HARRY, THEY  
SCRATCHED, CLAWED, AND  
BIT AT HIM...

WORST OF ALL, THEY  
MADE HIM SNEEZE.

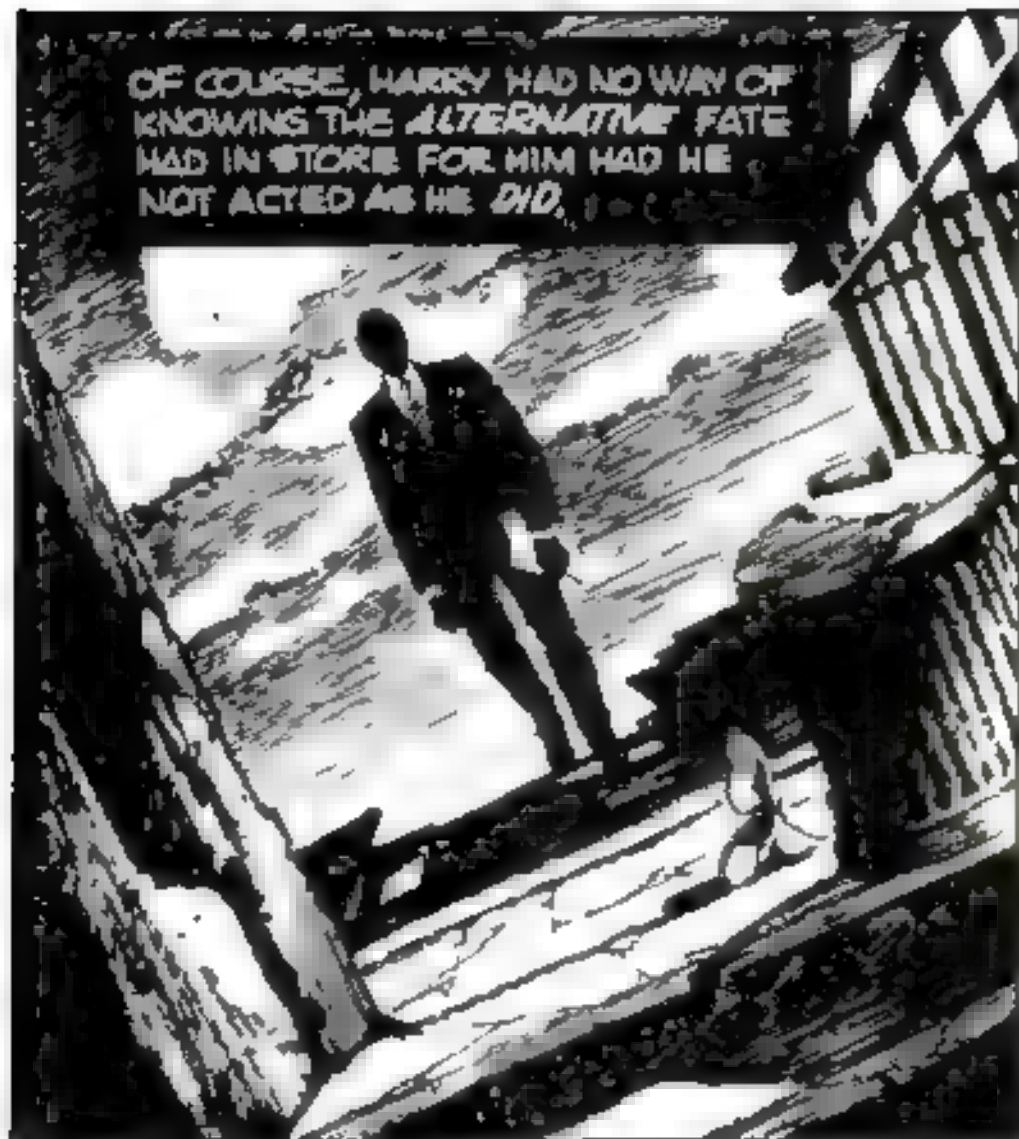






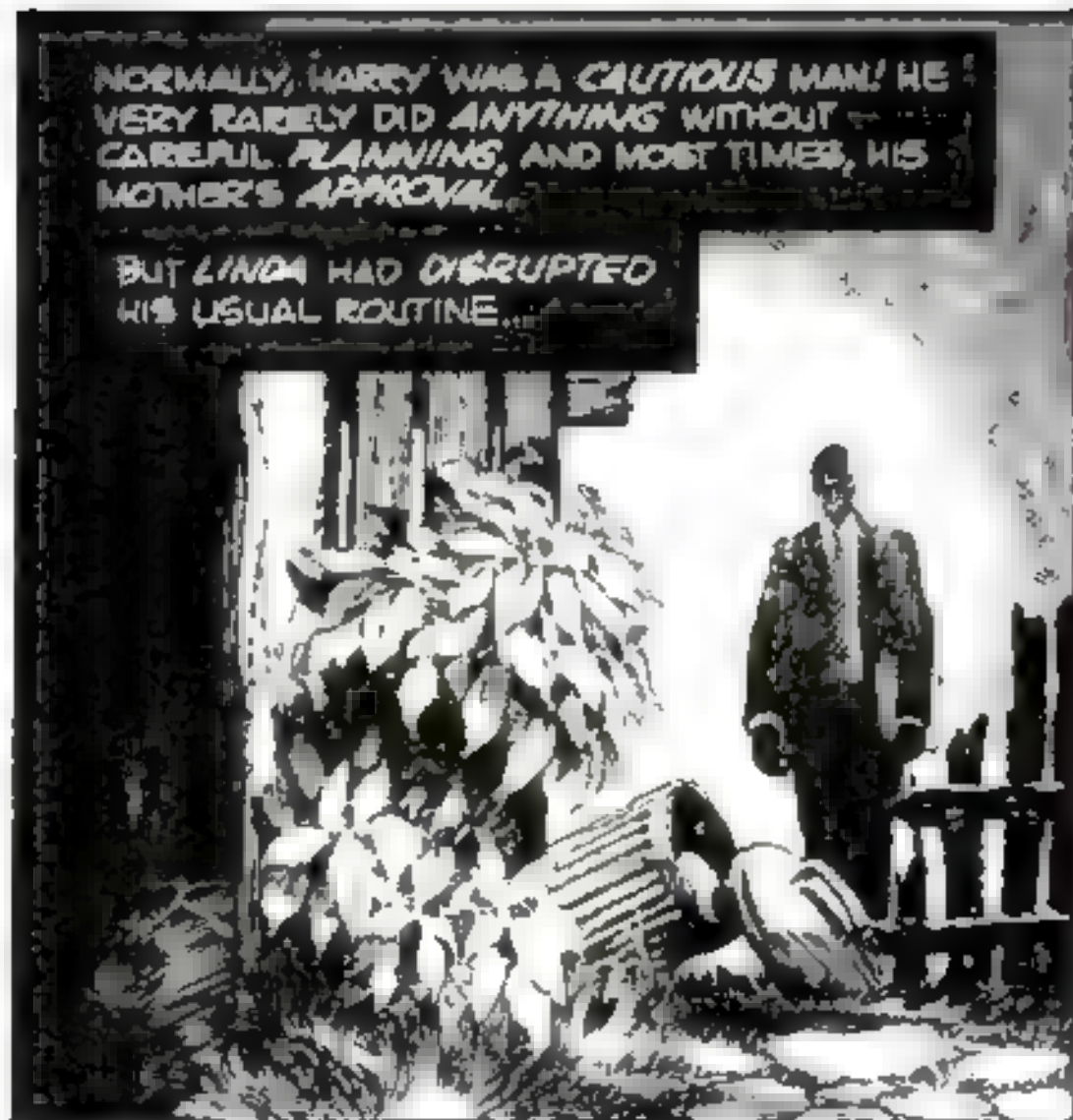


OF COURSE, HARRY HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THE *ALTERNATIVE* FATE HAD IN STORE FOR HIM HAD HE NOT ACTED AS HE *DID*.



NORMALLY, HARRY WAS A *CAUTIOUS* MAN! HE VERY RARELY DID *ANYTHING* WITHOUT *CAREFUL PLANNING*, AND MOST TIMES, HIS MOTHER'S *APPROVAL*.

BUT *LINDA* HAD *DISRUPTED* HIS USUAL ROUTINE...



SO HE DID SOMETHING TOTALLY *ALIEN* TO HIS *HABITS*.

HE CROSSED THE STREET WITHOUT *LOOKING CAREFULLY* IN EITHER *DIRECTION*.



**CRASH!**



HARRY'S MOTHER WAS MOST UPSET WHEN THEY *TOLD* HER. "I WARNED HIM A MILLION TIMES TO BE *CAREFUL* CROSSING THE STREET," SHE SAID. "IF ONLY HE'D LISTENED TO ME..."

IF ONLY...

TWO WORDS THAT MIGHT HAVE CHANGED A MAN'S DESTINY FOR BETTER OR WORSE! HARRY NADA WAS *DEAD*...

BUT IF HE HAD KNOWN THE *ALTERNATIVE*... HE MIGHT HAVE CONSIDERED HIMSELF A VERY...*LUCKY STIFF*.





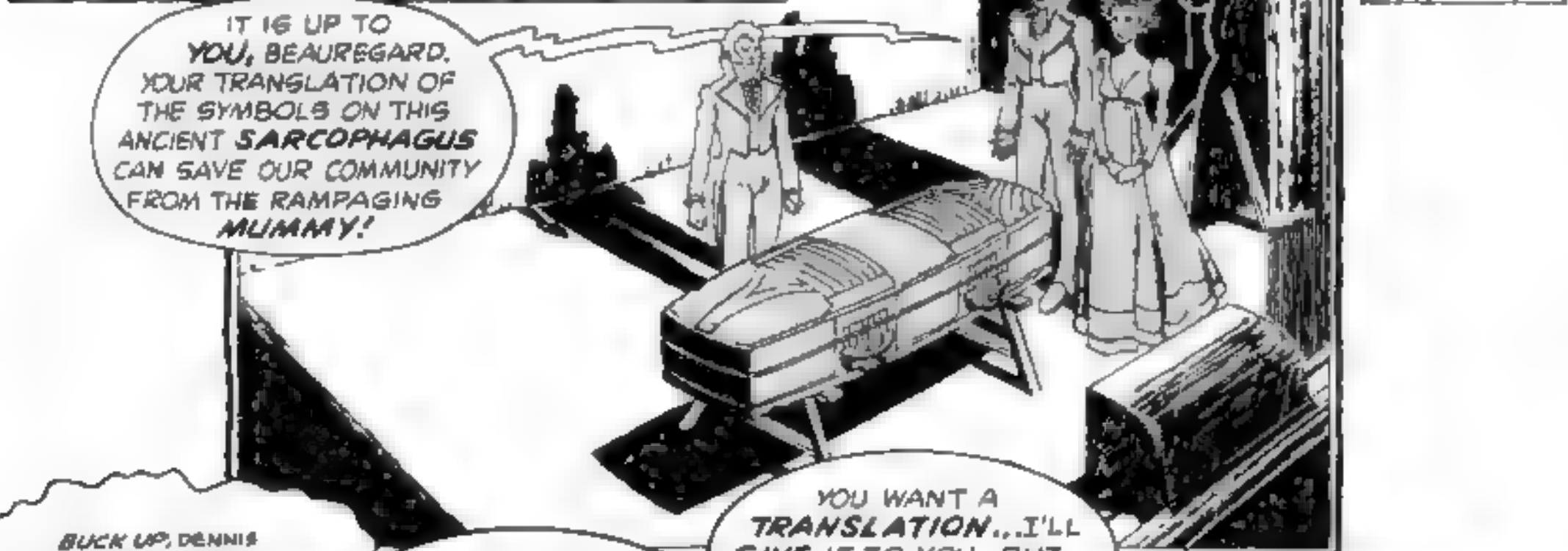
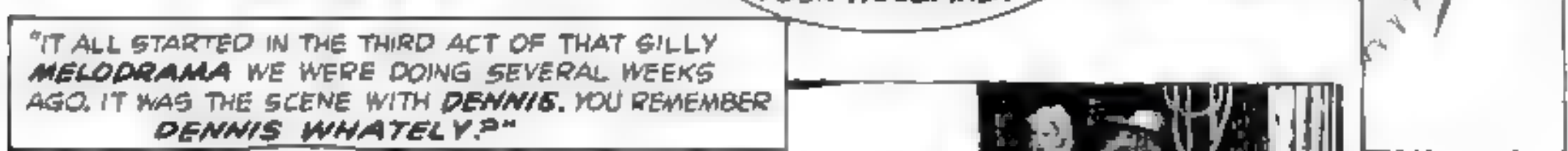
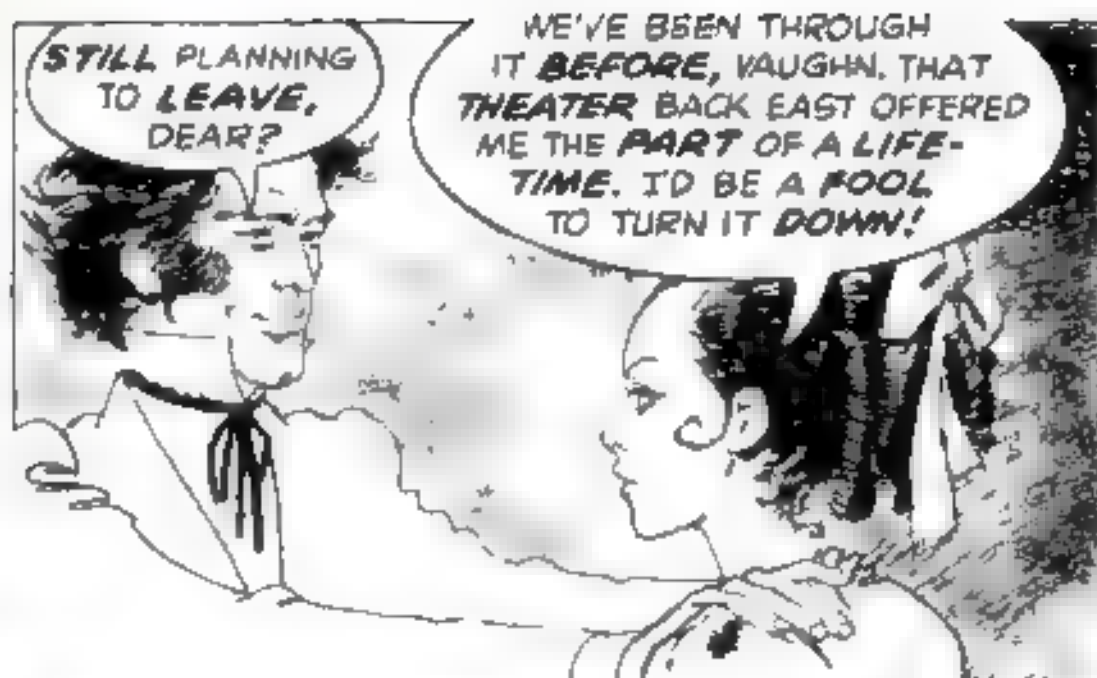


HORRORS COME FROM VARIOUS LOCATIONS. SOME WELL KNOWN, OTHERS *NOT* SO WELL KNOWN. COME BACK WITH US TO THE YEAR 1926, ONE OF THE *LATTER*. ONE THAT CAME...

# OUT OF THE NAMELESS CITY









"STILL...WE TRIED TO COVER FOR HIM, DIDN'T WE, MYRTLE? BUT THEN..."

"THAT IS NOT DEAD WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIE, AND WITH STRANGE EONS EVEN DEATH MAY DIE!"

THERE,  
YOUR  
TRANSLATION!

IT WAS HOPELESS! WHO COULD AD-LIB AFTER SOMETHING LIKE THAT...?"

DAMN YOU. GIVE A JERK ACTOR A BREAK...

YOU ASKED FOR A TRANSLATION...

...WELL, YOU GOT ONE!

THUD!

THE REAL ONE!

DON'T WORRY. THE BIG CHANCE WILL COME...FOR BOTH OF US.

THAT IDIOT! THIS COULD HAVE BEEN MY BIG CHANCE!

SO MUCH FOR THIS PLAY.

IT MAY HAVE ALREADY COME... FOR ME. I HAVE A LETTER...BACK IN THE HOTEL ROOM...

"THEN YOU TOLD ME OF YOUR INVITATION. WE TALKED... BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO SAY."



"I SAT AND THOUGHT FOR MANY HOURS. A DARK THEATER STIMULATES IMAGINATION..."



"...YOU BEGIN TO HEAR ALL SORTS OF THINGS."

SUDDENLY DENNIS CAME IN



THE NERVE YOU HAVE - COMING BACK HERE AFTER RUINING OUR PERFORMANCE! I OUGHT TO POUND YOU SILLY!

VAUGHN!



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. GIVE ME A MINUTE TO EXPLAIN.

YOUR PART WAS EASY... JUST A SIMPLE TRANSLATION...

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT... A TRANSLATION... OF WHAT THESE SYMBOLS REALLY MEAN. YOU MUST TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THEM.

YOU INTRIGUE ME LET ME GET MY COAT.

THEY'RE TOO COMPLEX FOR YOU TO HAVE JUST MADE UP.



MY UNCLE ANDREW IS AN ARCHEOLOGIST. HE RECENTLY RETURNED FROM ARABIA WITH A BOATLOAD OF ARTIFACTS.

ARABIA... IT BEGINS TO TELL.

I TOOK THE SYMBOLS FROM ONE OF THE URNS HE FOUND!



I KNOW MY UNCLE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT WHY YOU CASUALLY READ A LANGUAGE HE'S BEEN STRUGGLING OVER FOR MONTHS.







DON'T LET THE RTZY BUILDING SET YOU OFF... A MUSEUM OFFICIAL IS LETTING MY UNCLE USE IT BECAUSE HE EXPECTS A LOT OF PUBLICITY.



YOU READ FROM THAT SLAB? BUT IT'S IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE ..

...THAT I HAVE TRANSLATED FOR YOU

...TRANSLATED??



UNCLE ANDREW...

VAUGHN, MY BOY / WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS CLOISTERED CELL AT SUCH AN HOUR?

PERHAPS MY FRIEND CAN EXPLAIN BETTER THAN I CAN.



THESE, FOR INSTANCE ARE THE SYMBOLS THAT VAUGHN COPIED... PAINTED ONTO THE PROP COFFIN...

...AND WHICH I FLABBERGASTED THE AUDIENCE BY READING... "THAT IS NOT DEAD WHICH CAN ETERNAL LIE..."



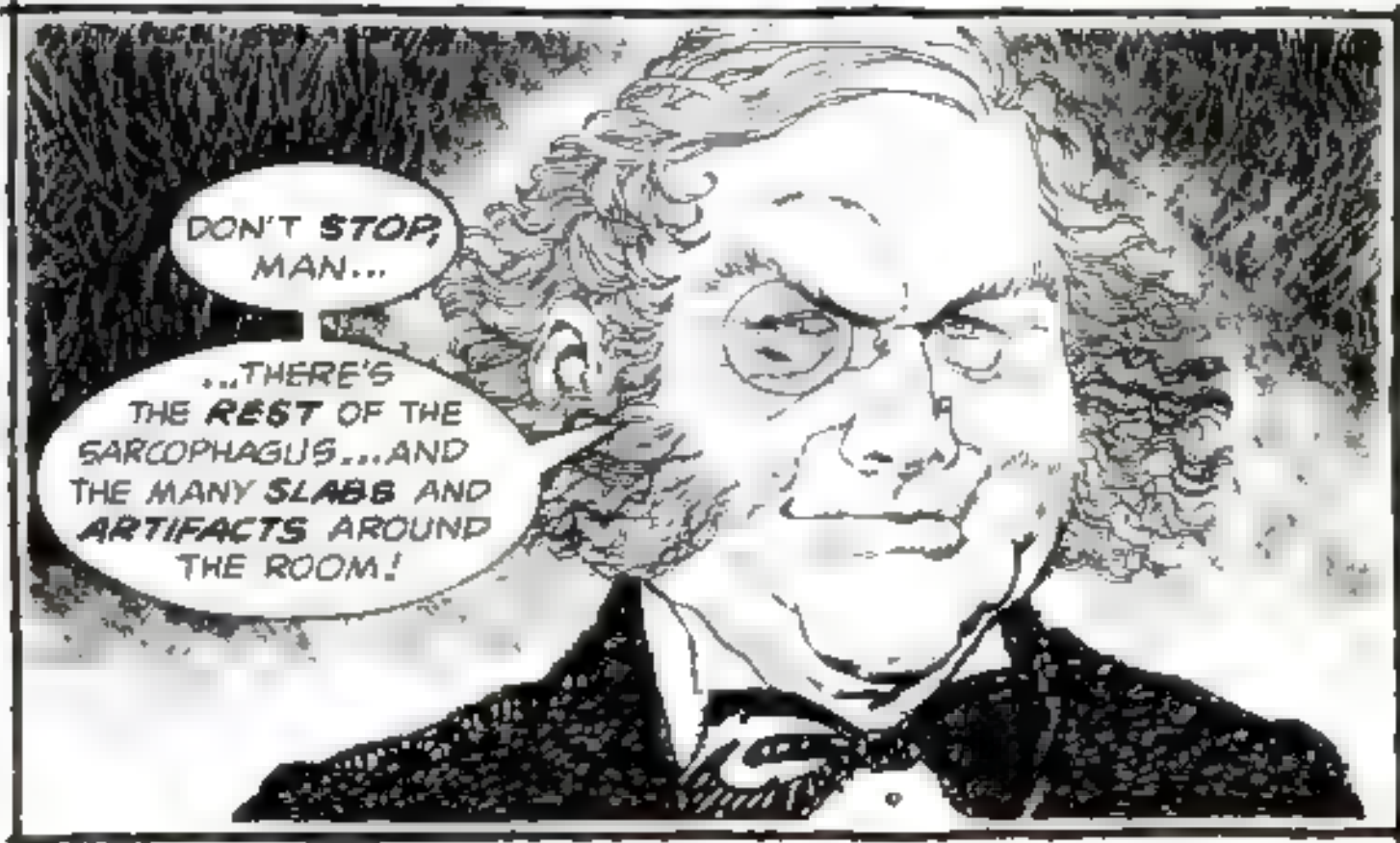
THIS ROCK WAS TAKEN FROM YOUR EXCAVATION? ALLOW ME TO TRANSLATE....!

"THE ELDER GODS HAVE PUT THE DAMNED TO SLEEP...!"



"...AND WITH STRANGE EONS DEATH MAY DIE."

GOOD LORD! THAT CORRELATES EXACTLY WITH THE SMALL BITS I'VE BEEN ABLE TO TRANSLATE!



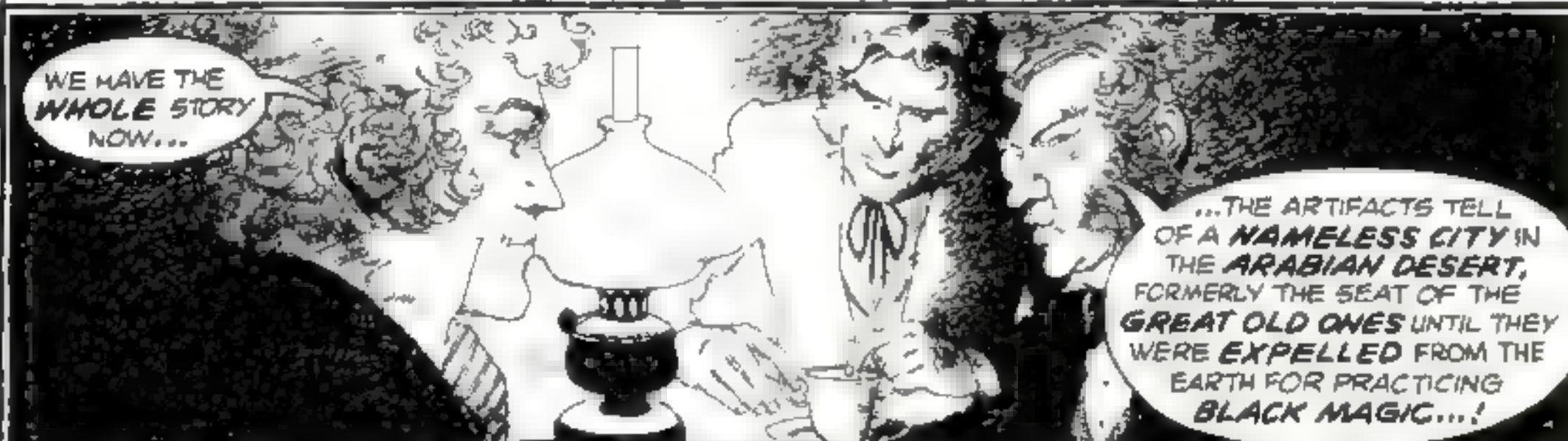
DON'T STOP, MAN...

...THERE'S THE REST OF THE SARCOPHAGUS...AND THE MANY SLAB AND ARTIFACTS AROUND THE ROOM!





"AFTER THE RAPID TRANSLATION OF THE STRANGE SCRIPT CAME ARRANGING THE WORDS INTO SOME MEANINGFUL ORDER..."



"I WAS BORN BACK EAST...IN MASSACHUSETTS. MY FATHER WAS A PROFESSOR AT THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY AT ARKHAM. OUR ESTATE--FOR FATHER ALWAYS HAD MORE MONEY THAN IT WOULD SEEM A PROFESSOR WOULD MAKE-- WAS STUDDED WITH OLD BUILDINGS ADORNED WITH THE STRANGE SCRIPT."



"MY MOTHER WAS ONE OF THE REMAINDER OF THE OLD SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY. FAMILY LIFE -- WAS GOOD..."



...EXCEPT FOR THOSE TIMES WHEN FATHER WOULD INSTRUCT ME IN THINGS NOT FOUND IN THE CURRICULUM OF ANY SCHOOL."

"MOTHER WAS NO SLOUCH, AND SHE COULD READ SEVERAL OF THE LANGUAGES MY BOOKS WERE PRINTED IN...SHE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT SHE SAW!"





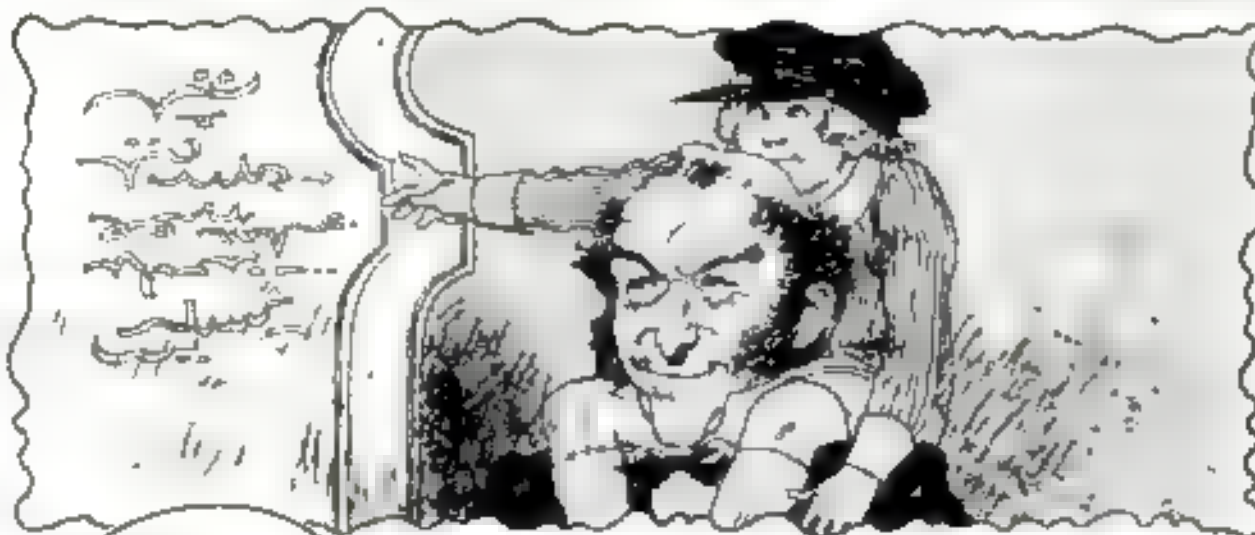
"THEY WERE BOTH  
EVENLY **MATCHED**  
WHEN IT CAME TO  
**SCREAMING**. SO,  
FOR **AWHILE**  
ANYWAY, I  
**DIDN'T** SEE  
ANY MORE OF  
THE **STRANGE**  
**BOOKS**."



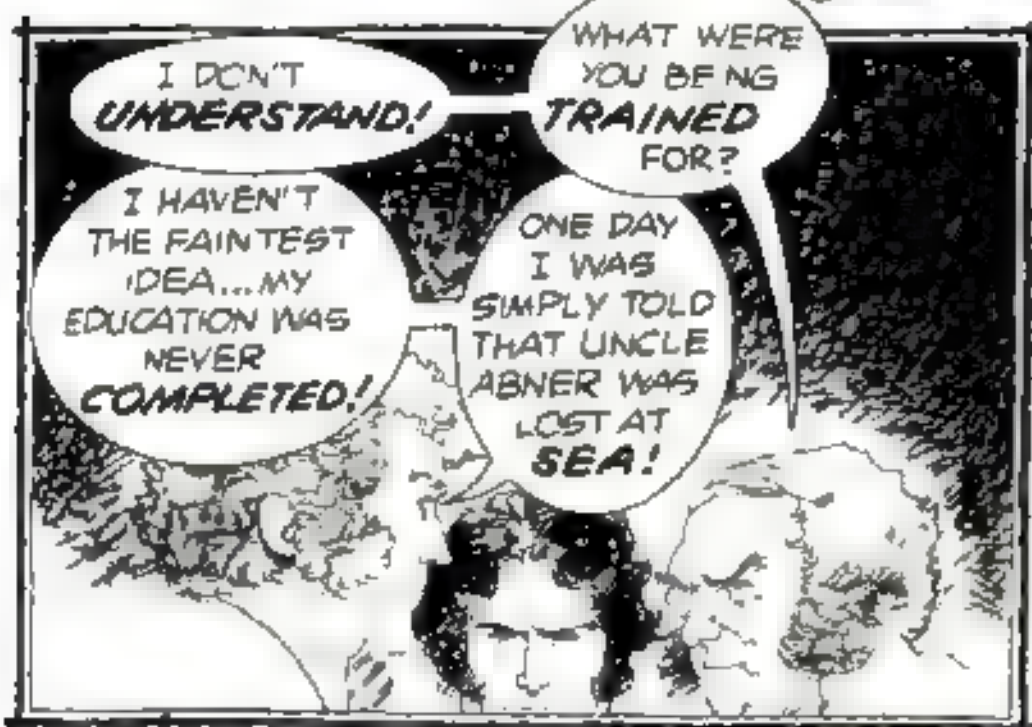
"THEN, ALMOST ON  
**CUE**, FATHER RECEIVED  
**ASSISTANCE** IN  
THE PERSON OF  
**CAPTAIN ABNER**  
**WHATELY**, A  
DISTANT RELATIVE.  
HIS **PERSONALITY**  
WAS SUCH THAT EVEN  
MY **FORCEFUL**  
MOTHER HAD TO  
**BACK DOWN**..."



"WITH MOTHER  
**WILTING** UNDER  
THE **FORCE** OF  
HIS FREQUENT  
VISITS, MY  
**EDUCATION**  
RESUMED. **UNCLE**  
**ABNER**, AS I WAS  
**TOLD** TO CALL  
HIM, TOOK OVER  
MY TRAINING  
**PERSONALLY**."



"HE SEEMED  
**ESPECIALLY**  
DELIGHTED WHEN  
I WOULD BLURT  
OUT **INSTINCTIVE**  
**INFORMATION**  
WHICH I HAD  
**NOT BEEN**  
**TAUGHT**."



I DON'T  
**UNDERSTAND!**

WHAT WERE  
YOU BEING  
**TRAINED**  
FOR?

I HAVEN'T  
THE FAINTEST  
IDEA...MY  
EDUCATION WAS  
NEVER  
**COMPLETED!**

ONE DAY  
I WAS  
SIMPLY TOLD  
THAT **UNCLE**  
**ABNER** WAS  
LOST AT  
**SEA!**

"WITH THIS **NEWS**, MOTHER BECAME A **RESURGENT**  
**FORCE** IN THE HOUSEHOLD. HER **FINAL CLASH** WITH  
FATHER WAS THE **WORST!**"



"THEY FOUGHT...AND SOMEHOW, A **FIRE** WAS STARTED!  
THE HOUSE WENT UP IN **FLAMES!**"



"I WAS THE ONLY  
ONE TO **ESCAPE!**"

I WAS SENT TO  
RELATIVES IN THE MID-  
WEST. THE FIRE ERASED  
**EVERYTHING** FROM MY  
MIND. THE MEMORIES WERE  
BROUGHT **BACK** THIS EVENING  
WHEN I READ THOSE  
**SYMBOLS** ON THE **PROP**  
**COFFIN!**

**FASCINATING!**  
I HAVE OTHER  
COLLEAGUES WHO  
ACCOMPANIED  
ME ON THIS  
**EXPEDITION...**











VAUGHN...  
I FOUND OUT!  
I **KNOW** NOW  
WHAT I WAS  
BEING TRAINED  
FOR! IT **SCARED**  
ME...AND I  
**RAN...**

I'VE GOT A  
**GUN** HERE. BUT  
I **HAVEN'T** THE  
**GUTS** TO USE IT.  
I WANT YOU TO  
COME TO THIS  
ADDRESS. **HELP**  
**ME!**



**CALM**  
**DOWN!**  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
**OVER.**

UNDEPEN-  
DABLE, DREAMY  
**NEUROTIC!**  
MORE **BLASTED**  
**TROUBLE**  
THAN HE'S  
WORTH...!



**VAUGHN!**  
WE **NEED** YOU  
FOR THIS **SCENE!**

I **HAVE**  
TO GO! **ACT**  
AROUND ME.

**MR. BREWER...?**



I AM **ABNER**  
**WHATELY**. I UNDER-  
STAND YOU ARE A CLOSE  
**FRIEND** OF MY NEPHEW,  
**DENNIS**. I SAW HIM A  
FEW **DAYS** AGO, BUT  
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN  
**THEN** AND **NOW**...HE  
GAVE ME THE  
**SLIP.**

**ABNER WHATELY?**  
**DENNIS** HAS **SPOKEN** OF  
YOU...SAID YOU **DIED** IN  
A **SHIPWRECK.**



IT'S **OBVIOUS**  
THAT I'M **STILL**  
**ALIVE**. MY NEPHEW  
LIKES TO **MAKE UP**  
STORIES...HE'S A  
**STRANGE** BOY.  
COULD YOU **HELP**  
ME **FIND** HIM?

I JUST GOT  
A **CALL** FROM  
HIM. HE'S **UPSET!**  
AS A **RELATIVE**,  
YOU MAY BE ABLE  
TO **CALM** HIM.



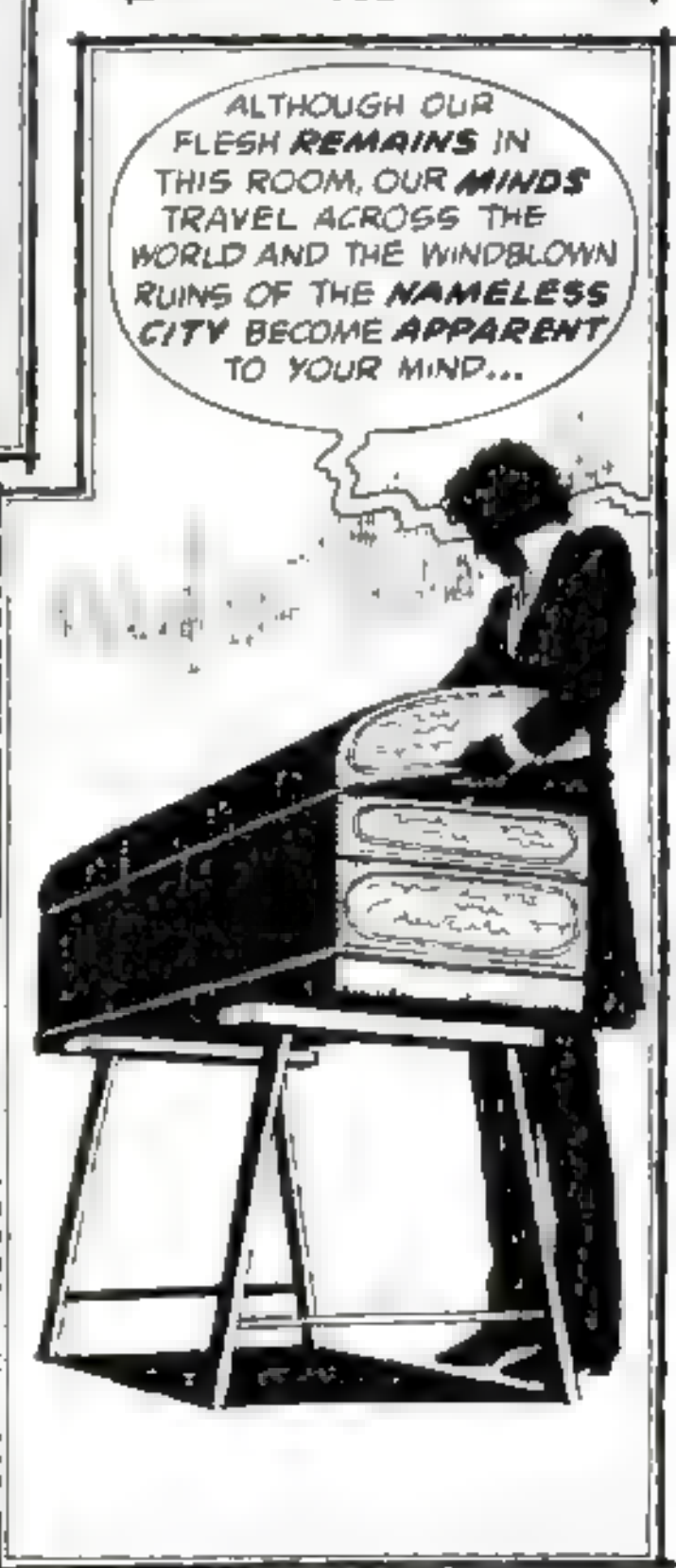
LET ME  
**CAUTION** YOU,  
MR **BREWER**, TO  
ACCEPT **ANYTHING**  
I SAY, HOWEVER...IT'S  
THE ONLY WAY TO  
**HANDLE** HIM.



**DENNIS.**  
IT'S **ME...**  
**VAUGHN.**

THANK **GOD**,  
YOU **CAME!**  
I COULDN'T  
HAVE HELD  
OUT **MUCH**  
LONGER!







ONLY HERE WAITS THE  
**MACHINERY** THAT CAN BRING  
BACK THE **MASTERS**... THE  
MYSTICAL EQUIPMENT THAT  
ONLY **THEIR** OFFSPRING  
CAN OPERATE!

Y-YES... I AM  
HERE... I KNOW THIS  
PLACE! IT'S ALL FAMILIAR  
TO ME... I EVEN KNOW  
WHERE THE **MACHINERY**  
IS!

WE'VE WAITED  
**TWO THOUSAND**  
**YEARS** FOR THIS! PULL  
THE LEVER, BOY...  
FULLFILL YOUR  
**DESTINY!**

NO YOU DON'T  
DENNIS!

**BAM!**

YOU ..  
**SHOT**  
HIM...!

HIS  
DELAYING  
A STAGE  
SHOW IS **ONE**  
THING...

...BUT **KILLING**  
MY UNCLE JUST TO  
**DESTROY** HIS NOTES  
IS **QUITE** ANOTHER!

...AND PLAY  
MY **WINNING**  
CARD " HE  
SAID!

HE'S  
PROBABLY  
CALLED THE  
**POLICE**  
BY NOW!

WE'VE BEEN  
**DEFEATED!** BUT  
ALL IS NOT **LOST!**  
I'LL **LEAVE** NOW...  
TO **RETURN** IN  
THE **FUTURE**...

WHY TELL  
ME THIS  
**ABSURD** STORY?



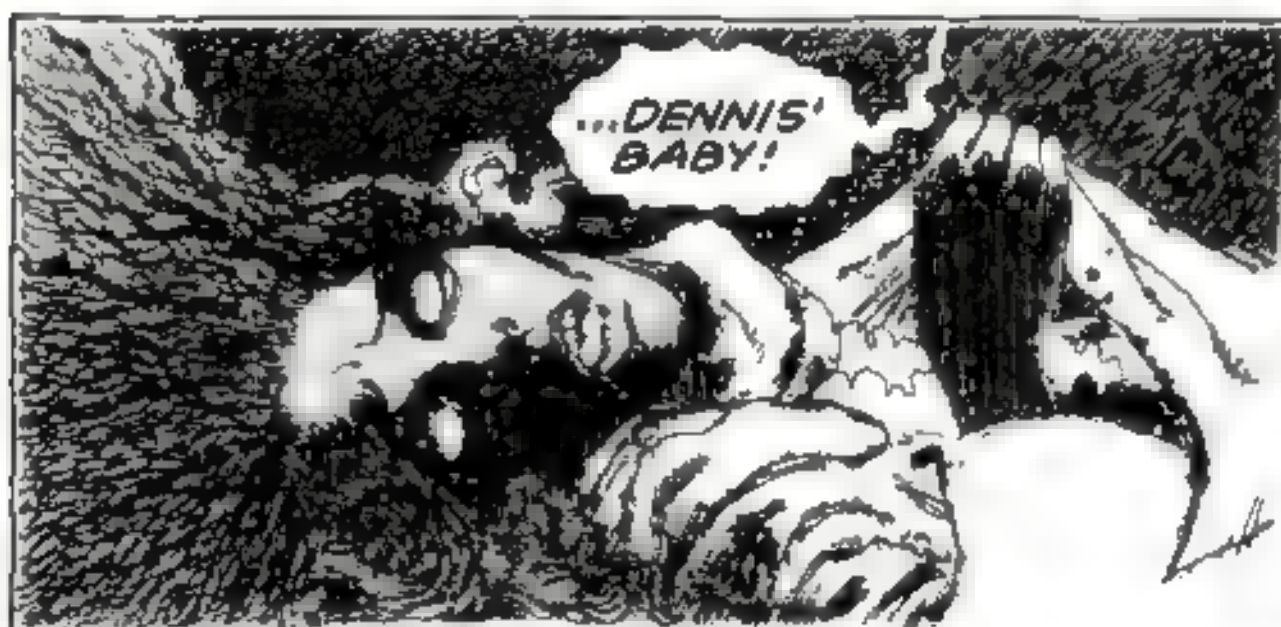


BECAUSE I DIDN'T  
REALLY SHOOT DENNIS  
FOR KILLING MY **UNCLE**. I  
WAS NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH  
TO HIM TO INSPIRE SUCH  
EMOTION. I KILLED HIM  
BECAUSE I HAD DONE  
SOME **CHECKING**....!



THE THEATER OUT  
EAST THAT OFFERED  
YOU THAT PART...  
HAS BEEN **CLOSED** FOR  
SIX MONTHS.

YOU'RE **LEAVING**  
TOWN BECAUSE YOU  
DON'T WANT ME TO  
**KNOW** THAT YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAVE  
A **BABY**...



...DENNIS'  
**BABY**!



HOPE YOU  
HAD A  
**PLEASANT**  
STAY, SIR.

SO-SO. I'VE  
A FEW **ENDS** TO  
TIE UP ON MY  
NEXT VISIT.

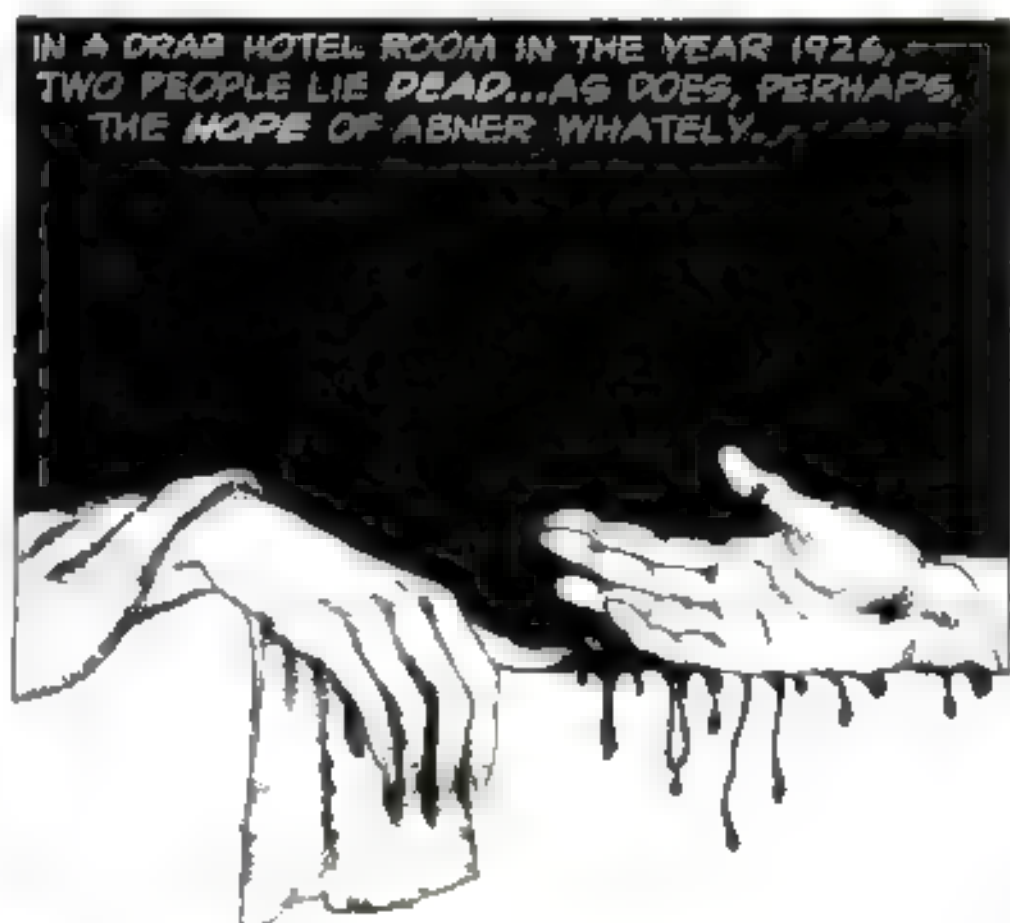


WHEN  
WILL THAT  
**BE**, SIR?  
WOULD  
YOU CARE  
TO MAKE  
A **RESER-**  
VATION?

PERHAPS  
IF YOU'LL  
HOLD IT FOR  
**TWENTY**  
YEARS...



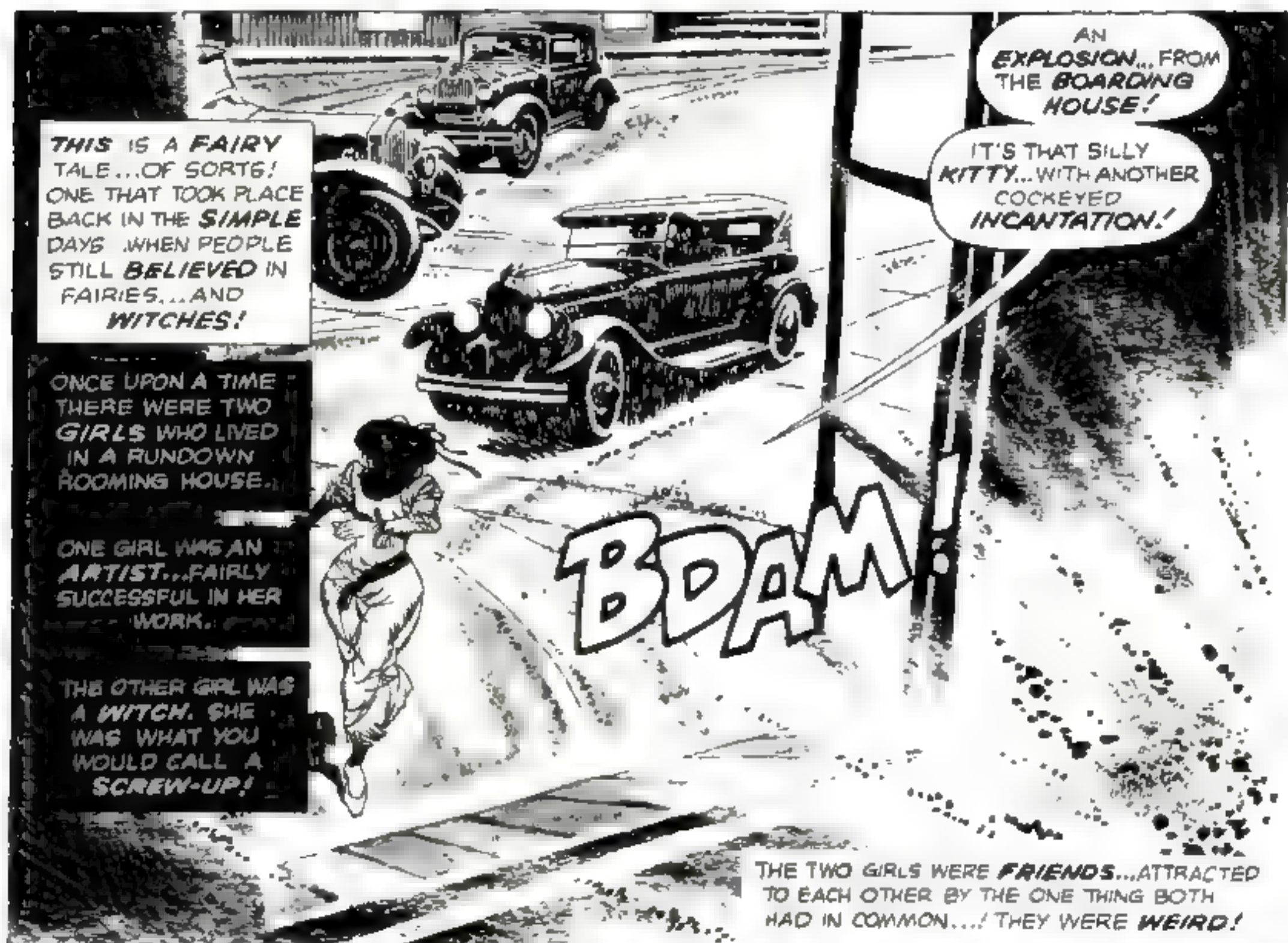
...WHEN I  
RETURN TO SEE MY  
AS YET **UNBORN**  
**GRANDNEPHEW**!



IN A DRAB HOTEL ROOM IN THE YEAR 1926,  
TWO PEOPLE LIE **DEAD**...AS DOES, PERHAPS,  
THE **HOPE** OF ABNER WHATELY.

AND YET...SOMEWHERE IN THE ARABIAN  
DESERT...THE NAMELESS CITY STILL **STANDS**.  
FOR IT IS **ETERNAL**, AS ARE THOSE WHO  
**DWELT** THERE. THEY HAVE WAITED **LONG**.  
THEY CAN WAIT **LONGER**...!

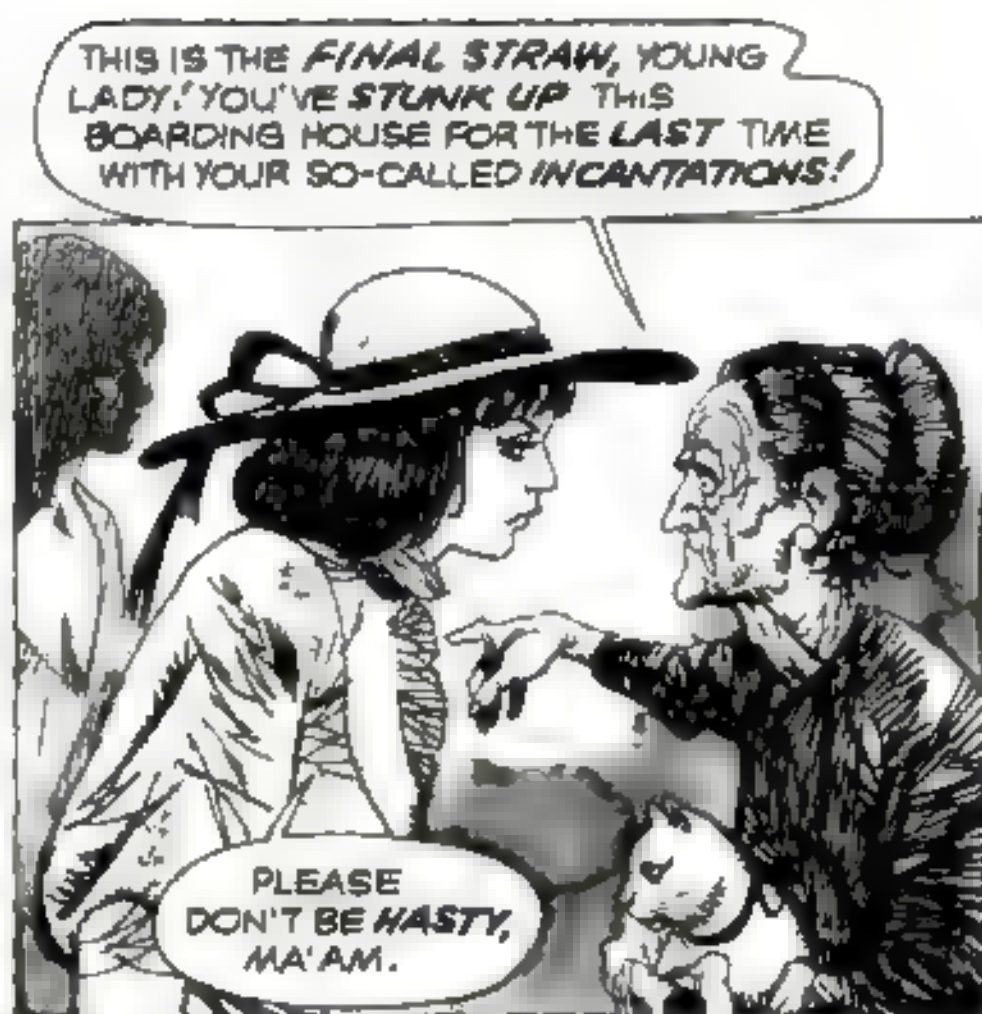




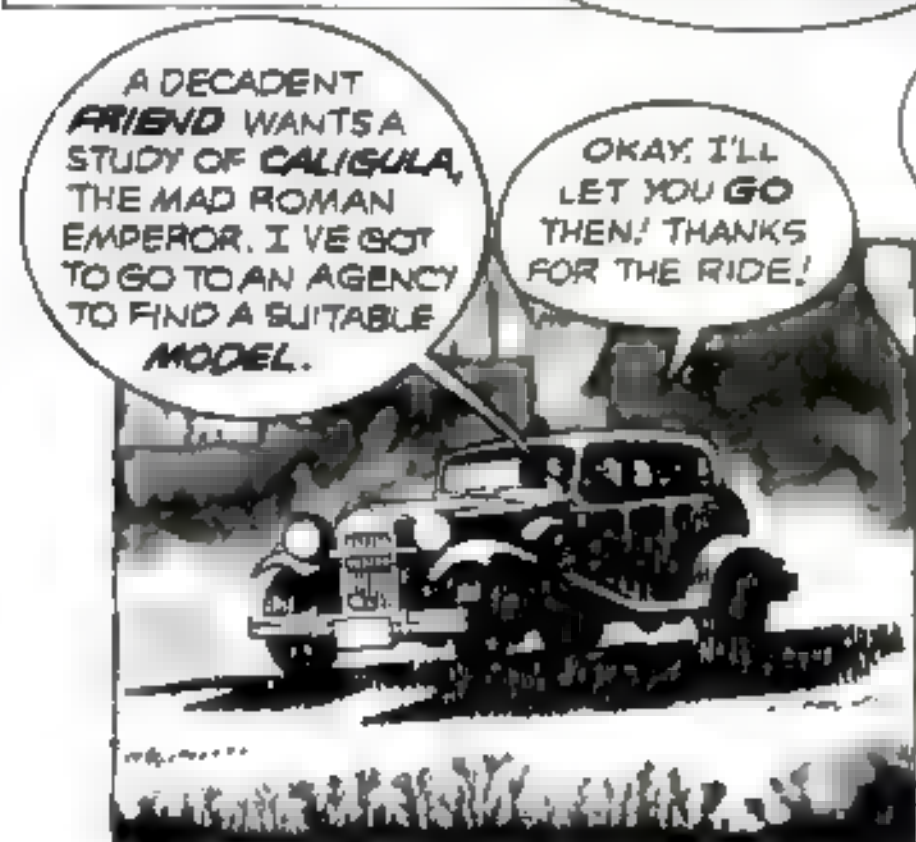
# ON LITTLE CAT FEET!















I'LL NEED A PLACE TO STAY FOR A FEW DAYS... IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO **CLEAN UP A LITTLE** FOR ME!

COULD YOU **HURRY?** I'M GOING TO **USE** THIS AREA FOR AN **INCANTATION...**

ONE OF MY **BEST EVER!**

NOT **AGAIN?** IT TOOK THREE DAYS TO CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR **LAST VISIT** HERE!



WILL YOU **QUIT GRIPING** AND **LEAVE?** THERE WON'T BE ANY **MESS...** I'VE DONE **THIS INCANTATION** BEFORE!

**SURE!** THAT'S WHAT ALL THE **NEOPHYTES** SAY!

SO **OKAY, I'M GOING!** YOU JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T **BLOW THE PLACE UP AGAIN!**



NOW TO **WORK...**

FIRST THE **POISON...**



...THE MOST **UNUSUAL** KNOWN!



THEN... SOME OF THE **WORLD'S RAREST HERBS** AND **SPICES...** COURTESY OF A **WITCH** WHO LOOKED IN THE **WRONG DIRECTION** AT THE **RIGHT TIME!**



AND NOW... A **MATCH** TO MAKE THE **MIXTURE...**





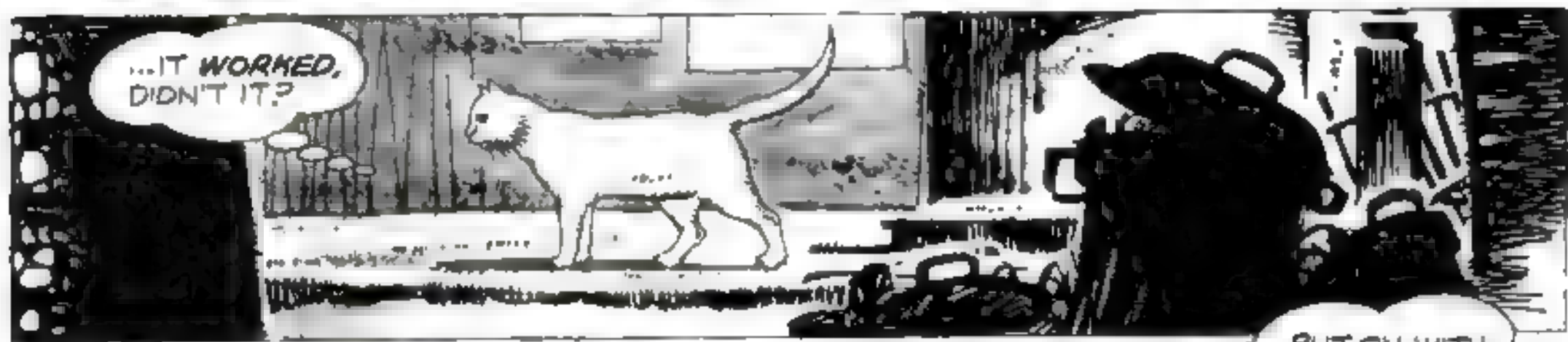
ANOTHER EXPLOSION?  
THAT DIZZY WITCH DID  
IT AGAIN!



THE DEVIL TAKE  
HER. IT'S WORSE THAN  
LAST TIME...!  
DAMN!



I CAN'T  
SEE WHAT HE'S  
COMPLAINING  
ABOUT...

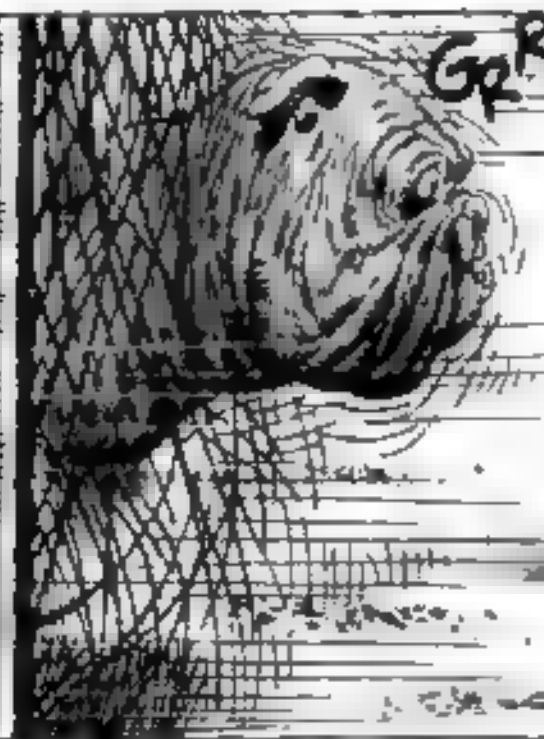


...IT WORKED,  
DIDN'T IT?

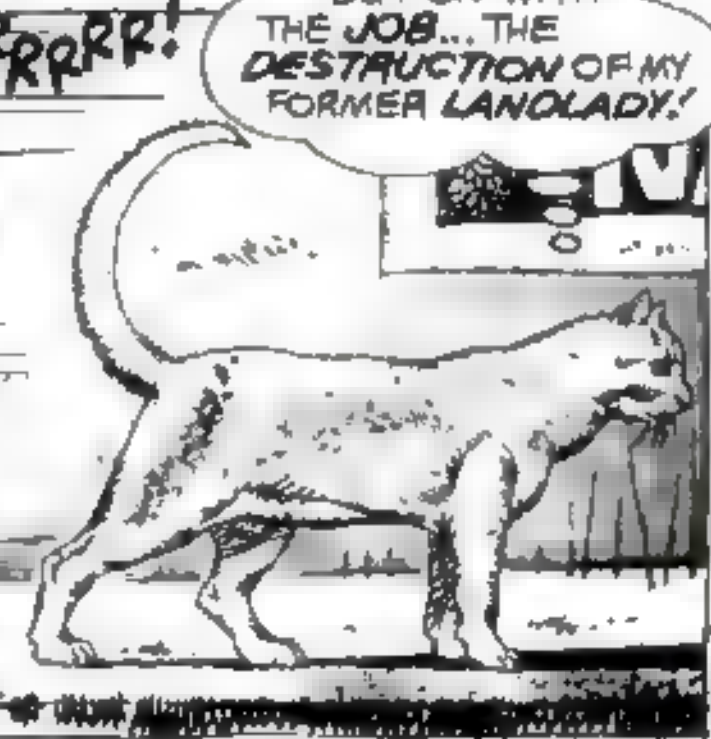


DOGCATCHER

SKRNG!



GRRRRR!



BUT ON WITH  
THE JOB... THE  
DESTRUCTION OF MY  
FORMER LANDLADY!



SWEET SATAN!  
I DIDN'T EXPECT  
THIS!



GRRRRR!

SKRUNK!



STOP THE TRUCK!  
A DOG JUST GOT  
LOOSE!













NOW TO...  
OH-OH!  
SOMEBODY'S  
COMING!

WELL, MA'AM,  
I DO APPRECIATE  
THIS JOB. MAYBE  
NOW AH KIN AFFORD  
A GOOD TEXAS  
STEAK.

THET SHORE IS A  
PURTY CAT THAR  
BACK WHEN I WAS  
RIDIN' HIGH, WE  
USED TA GET ANIMALS  
LIKE THET AN' SOME  
B.G. RATS AN'--

IT'S ONLY  
EULALIA...  
GOING UP TO  
HER ROOM!

I'M SURE YOUR  
REMINISCENCES ARE  
FASCINATING,  
LANCE... BUT WORK  
COMES FIRST.



EULALIA'S A GOOD  
KID... BUT SHE HAS THE  
WEIRDEST FR. ENDS.

AH! HERE  
COMES THE  
OLD LADY!

POOPSIE!  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
IN THE DIRT  
AGAIN?



YOU'VE  
LOST YOUR  
LITTLE  
RIBBON!

I'LL HAVE  
TO GIVE YOU  
A BATH,  
NAUGHTY KITTEN  
...AFTER I SHOW  
WHAT I BOUGHT  
YOU.



LOOK! A  
FISH FOR DINNER,  
A FRESH TROUT,  
POOPSIE!



AND FOR  
TOMORROW I'VE  
GOING TO GIVE YOU  
PART OF MY PORK  
ROAST. AREN'T  
YOU EXCITED?

THRILLED,  
DEARIE!  
BUT FIRST,  
I'VE A  
SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!









BEFORE I  
LEAVE... I MAY AS  
WELL TROT UP AND  
SEE WHAT EULALIA'S  
UP TO WITH THAT  
WEIRD GUY.



BUT MA'AM..  
WHY DO YOU WANT  
ME TO WEAR A  
DRESS?



IT ISN'T A DRESS,  
LANCE. IT'S A TOGA..  
THE KIND OF CLOTHING  
WORN IN ROMAN  
TIMES.

WELL NOW AN KNOW  
WHY THEIR COUNTRY FELL  
APART. REAL MEN WEAR  
COWBOY BOOTS AND TEN  
GALLON HATS!

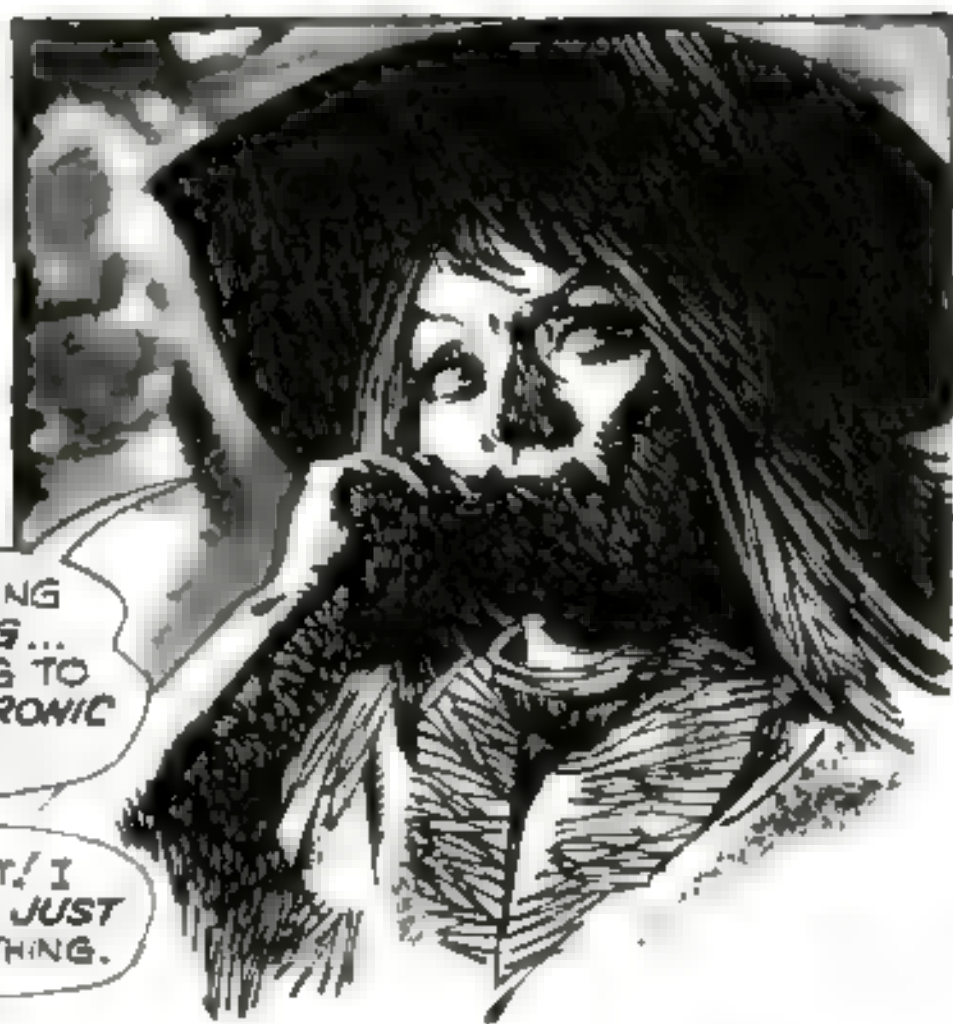


WHY DON'T YOU  
JUST FORGET ABOUT  
THAT FOR NOW AND  
REMEMBER THE MONEY  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
GET.

THAT  
DOES SOUND  
GOOD.

SOMETHING  
IS MISSING...  
SOMETHING TO  
GIVE THE IRONIC  
TOUCH.

WAIT! I  
KNOW JUST  
THE THING.







POOPSIE!  
HOW  
CONVENIENT..  
YOU MUST BE  
A MIND  
READER!

NOW  
WHAT'S  
SHE UP  
TO?



JUST THE TOUCH.  
THE DECADENT EMPEROR  
HOLDING A GENTLE CAT.

I'LL PLAY ALONG...  
JUST SO THIS JERK  
DOESN'T START THINKING  
WE'RE BACK AGAIN WHEN  
HE WAS 'RIDIN' HIGH!'



PARDON  
JUST A MOMENT  
I MUST GIVE MY  
CLIENT  
PHONE CALL.

HELLO, SIR...  
THIS IS EULALIA  
GORDON, NO...  
NOTHING IS  
WRONG.

I JUST  
THOUGHT YOU  
MIGHT WANT  
TO KNOW  
THAT...



...YOUR  
ESTATUE  
IS READY!

SO SOON?  
EULALIA, I  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU  
DO IT!

A SPECIAL  
TECHNIQUE I  
PICKED UP  
FROM AN OLD,  
OLD FRIEND..

.. NAMED  
MEDUSA!

OH EULALIA,  
YOU'RE ALWAYS  
JOKING!

YESSIR... I ALWAYS  
ENJOY A GOOD JEST!

AND SO, EULALIA LIVED HAPPILY  
EVER AFTER... WHILE LANCE AND KITTY  
REMAINED PERPETUALLY STOMED...



# TRICK OF THE TIDE

GABRIEL GREAVES' DECREPIT WATERFRONT SHACK WAS CHILLY TO MARTHA HOOD! SHE SHIVERED IN THE NIGHT AIR AS SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE DECAYED BODY ON THE TABLE!

ARE YOU SURE IT'S HIM, MUM?

YES! OH DEAR GOD, YES! IT'S MY HUSBAND!


YOU SAID YOU FOUND HIM FLOATING IN THE RIVER! WHY ARE HIS POCKETS INSIDE OUT?

I'VE BEEN FISHIN' PEOPLE OUT OF THE THAMES FOR YEARS, MUM! THE RIVER DOES MYSTERIOUS THINGS!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A BODY YET WHERE THE POCKETS WASN'T ALL TURNED INSIDE OUT AND EMPTY! YOU MIGHT SAY IT'S A TRICK OF THE TIDE!

MARTHA HOOD KNEW WHERE THE CHILL CAME FROM...IT CAME FROM THIS MAN, GABRIEL GREAVES!





I ASKED BECAUSE  
IT WAS *IMPORTANT*,  
MISTER GREAVES! MY  
HUSBAND WAS  
CARRYING A LARGE  
SUM OF *MONEY* THE  
NIGHT HE DIED!


HE WAS A GOOD MAN, BUT HE WAS  
ALSO A *DRUNKARD*! ONCE HE  
STARTED DRINKING HE WOULDN'T  
STOP!

I RAN AFTER HIM, BEGGING  
HIM TO COME BACK! HE RAN  
DOWN THE STREET, STUFFING  
THE MONEY IN HIS *POCKETS*!

I SAW HIM *SLIP* -  
AS HE RAN ACROSS  
- THE *BRIDGE*!

THE NIGHT HE DIED, HE CAME  
HOME DRUNK AND DISCOVERED  
MY *SAVINGS*!


I SAW HIM *FALL*!



HE NEVER CAME TO THE  
*SURFACE*! WHEN HE  
DROWNED, ALL MY  
SAVINGS WERE IN HIS  
POCKETS! I THOUGHT  
PERHAPS YOU--

YOU SEE HIM AS  
I *FOUND* HIM, MUM!

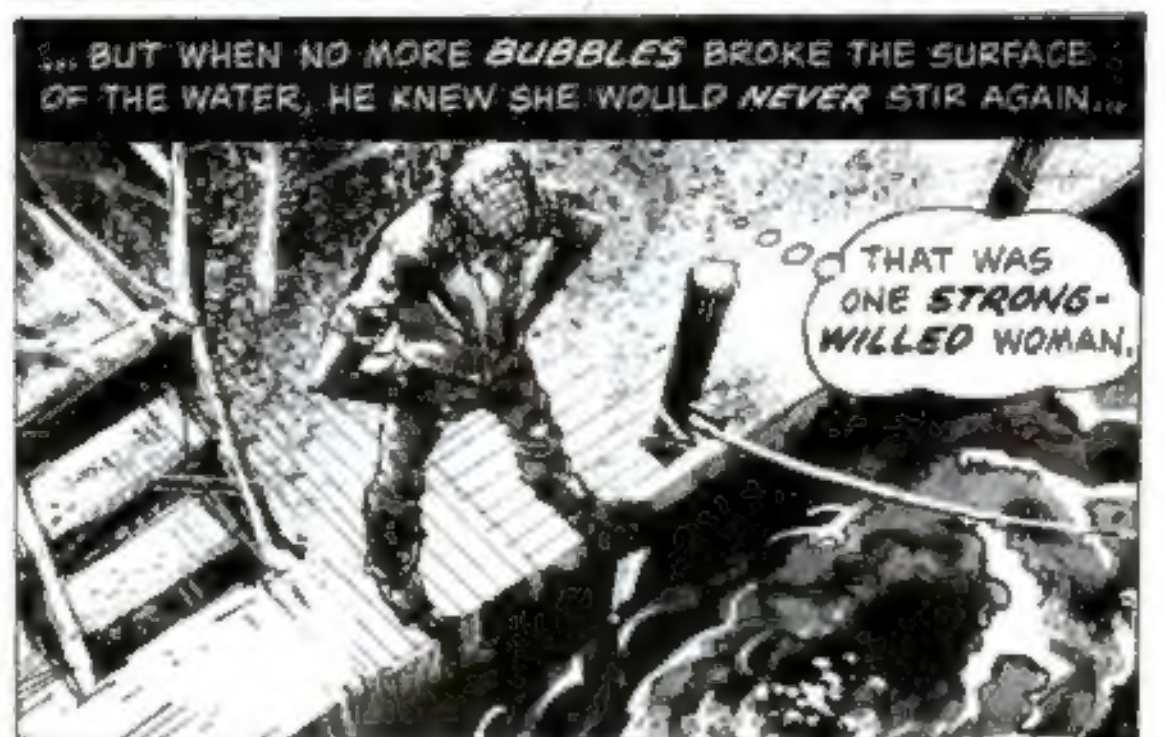
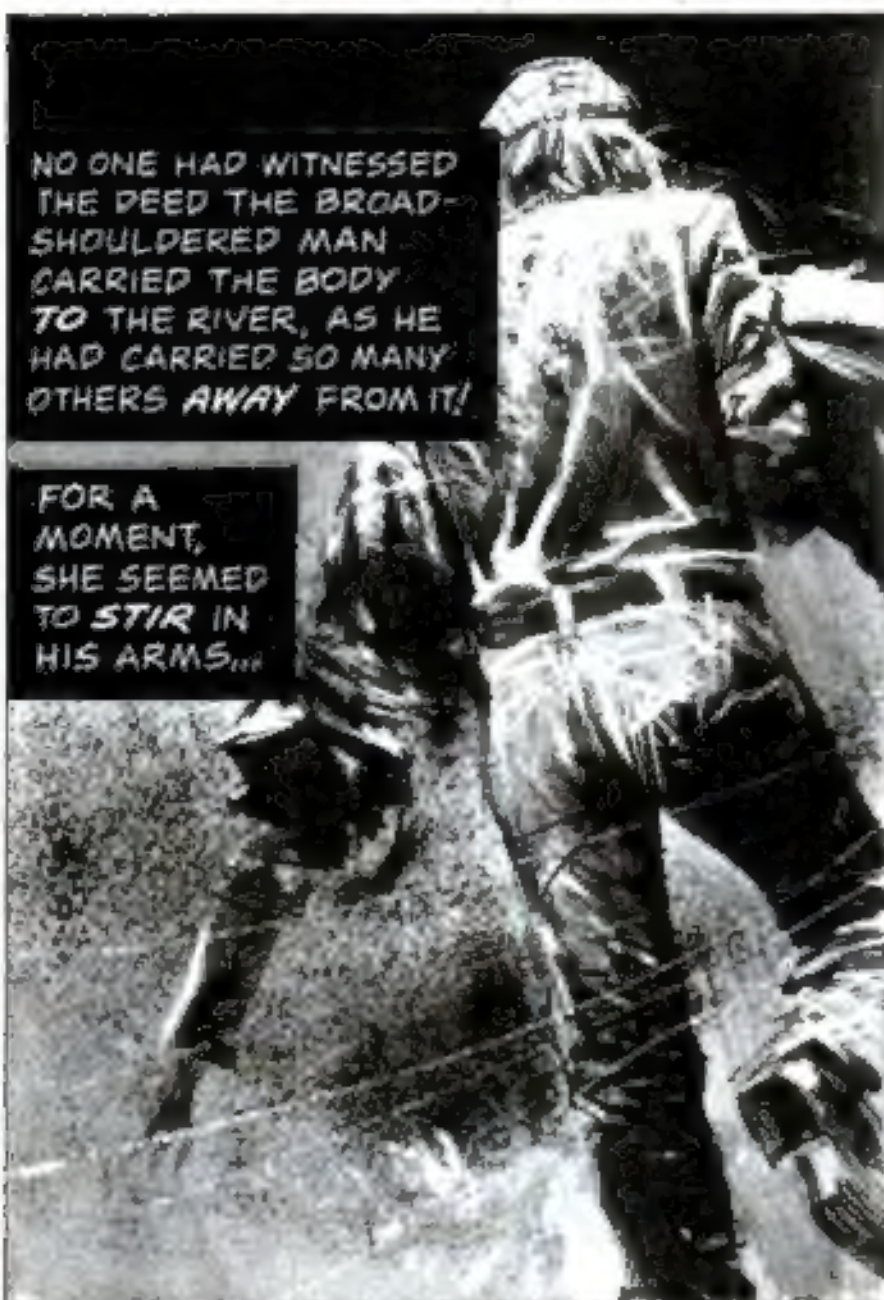
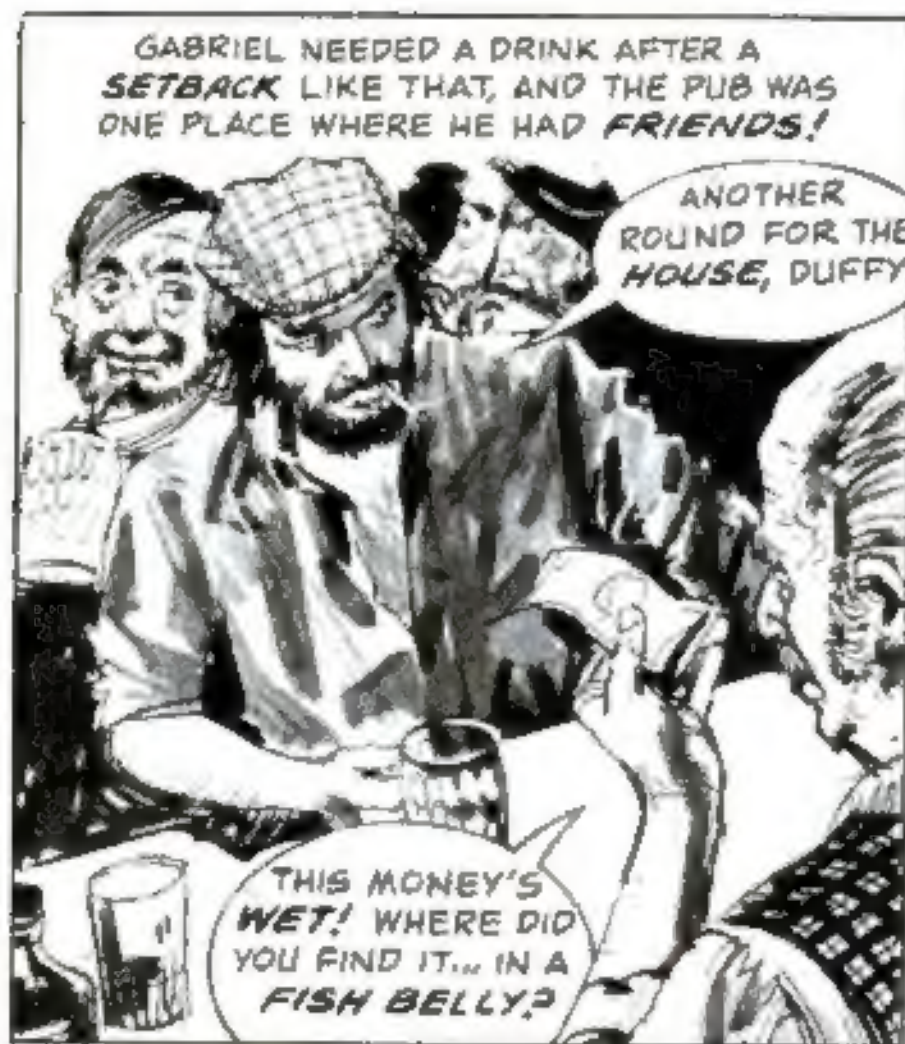
BY THE WAY, I USUALLY  
RECEIVE A *REWARD*  
FOR FINDING SOMEONE!



MY POOR HUSBAND WILL  
BE BURIED IN A *PAUPER'S*  
GRAVE, NO MATTER WHICH  
OF US TURNS HIM OVER  
TO THE POLICE, MISTER  
GREAVES!

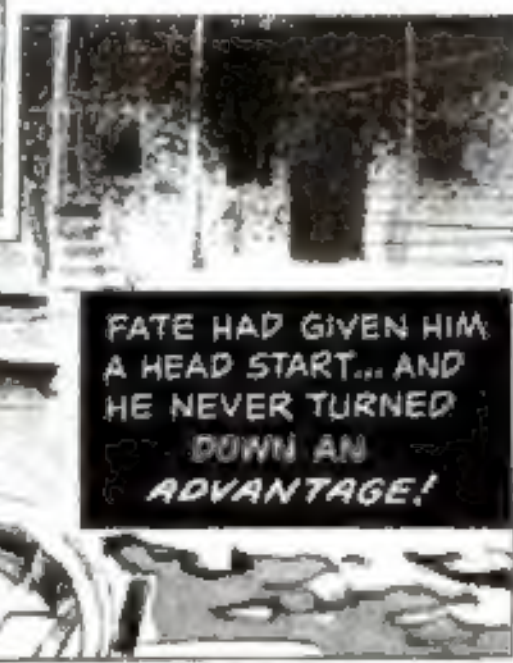
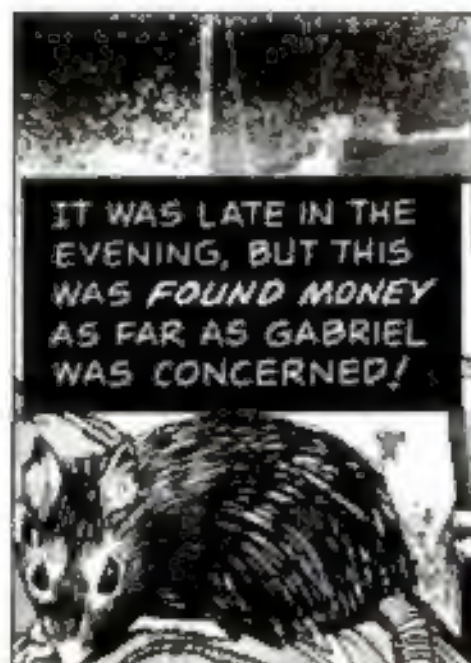
AS FOR THE REWARD, THE  
MONEY HE CARRIED WAS  
MY ONLY WAY OF  
REWARDING YOU!







SEVERAL NIGHTS  
LATER, GABRIEL  
GREAVES CHANCED  
UPON A  
**CIRCULAR....!**





THERE YOU ARE, MUM!  
YOU FLOAT JUST AS  
**NICE** AS YOU PLEASE  
WHILE I ROW US  
BACK!



IT WAS A **BEAUTIFUL**  
NIGHT FOR A BOAT  
RIDE! GABRIEL SANG  
LIKE AN OFF-KEY  
GONDOLIER, THINKING  
ONLY OF HIS **REWARD!**

LIFE IS BUT *f*  
**F A DREAM...**



GABRIEL GREAVES WAS  
A MAN WHO DID NOT  
FRIGHTEN EASILY! BUT  
SOMETHING ABOUT THE  
WOMAN'S BODY  
**DISTURBED HIM...**



**HOME**  
AT LAST,  
MUM!

WAS IT THE WATER-LOGGED  
CLOTHING? WAS **THAT**  
WHY THE BODY FELT SO  
**STRANGE?**



WHAT'S THE  
**MATTER** HERE? THIS  
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE  
NO **DEAD WOMAN!**



SHE FEELS  
ALI-- NO!  
**NO!!**



**EEEEYAAAAAH!**





**AAAAAAAAAH!**

THAT SCREAM  
CAME FROM THE  
**WHARF!**  
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE  
BEING **MURDERED!**



A... A MAN...  
AND A  
WOMAN...

... BOTH DEAD... BUT  
**HOW?** THERE'S NO ONE  
ELSE **HERE**, AND THE  
MURDERER **COULDN'T**  
HAVE GOTTEN OFF THE  
BOAT WITHOUT BEING  
**SEEN!**



CHOKES  
THE MAN'S  
BEEN **TORN**  
**APART!**

A-AND I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND IT!  
THIS WOMAN'S  
HANDS ARE **RED**  
WITH **BLOOD!**

SHE LOOKS  
LIKE SHE'S BEEN  
**DEAD** FOR DAYS!  
B-BUT SHE'S STILL  
**WARM** AS THOUGH  
SHE JUST... **DIED!**

IF MARTHA HOOD COULD **SPEAK**, SHE  
MIGHT HAVE CALLED IT A **TRICK OF THE TIDE...**

...THE TIDE THAT **SOMEHOW**, MYSTERIOUSLY  
KEPT HER **ALIVE** FOR DAYS.

AS IT WAS, THE POLICE MERELY  
REFERRED TO IT AS ANOTHER  
**UNSOLVED HOMICIDE.**

